Sene Roe

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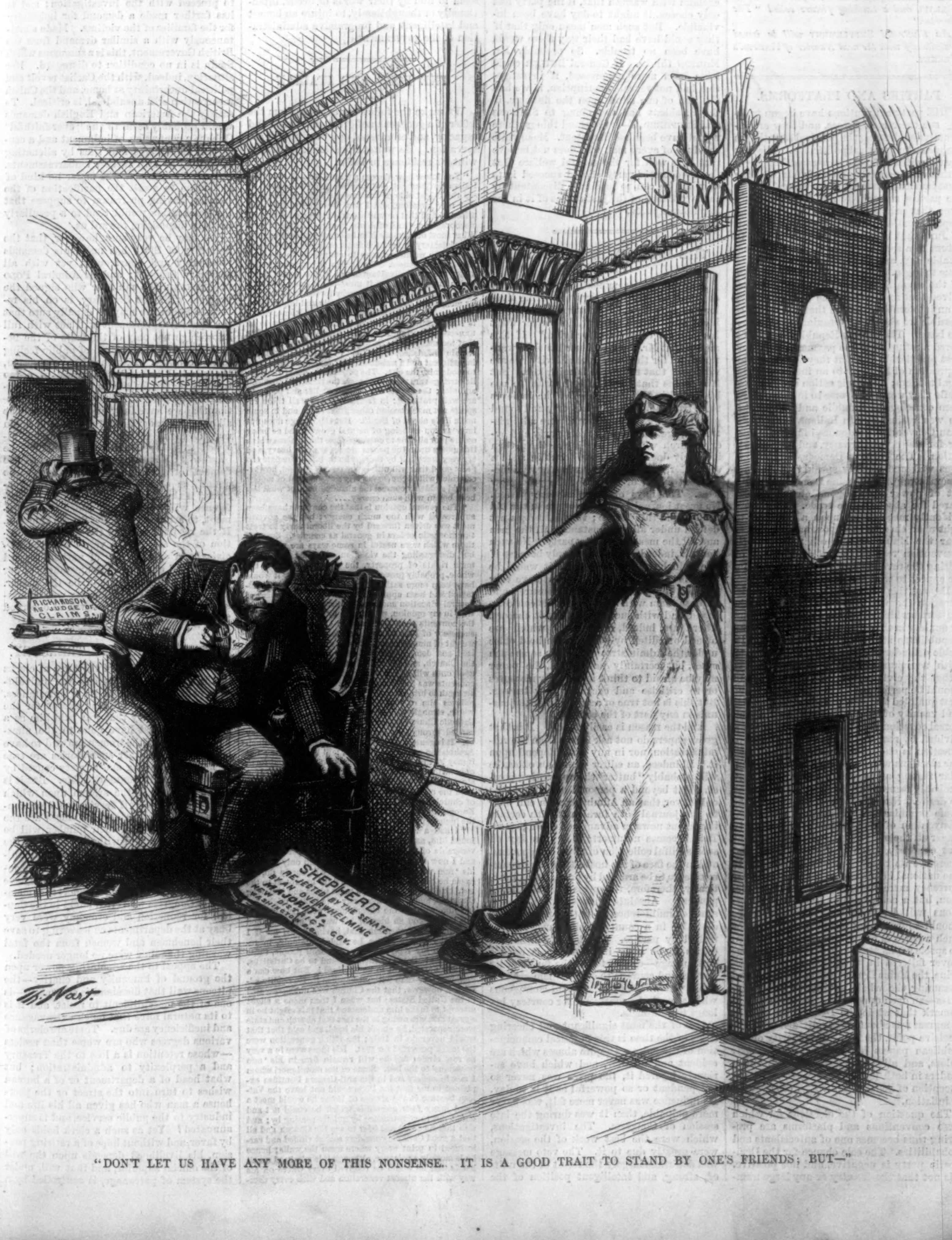
U S
SENATE
RICHARDSON AS JUDGE OF CLAIMS
D
SHEPHERD REJECTED BY THE SENATE BY AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY. NEW DISTRICT GOV. WASHINGTON D.C.
Th. Nast.

"DON'T LET US HAVE ANY MORE OF THIS NONSENSE. IT IS A GOOD TRAIT TO STAND BY ONE'S FRIENDS; BUT—"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

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PARTIES AND PLATFORMS.

THE party conventions have begun to issue their manifestoes, and they are instructive as showing the political situation as it appears to practical politicians. The first most significant fact to be learned from them is that the financial question is felt to be the most important issue, and the second is that the parties, as such, do not differ seriously upon that primary point. Thus the Maine Republican Convention declared on the 18th of June that it is a high and plain duty to return to a specie basis at the earliest practicable day, and that now is the accepted time to begin. The Democratic Convention of the same State on the 23d of June resolved that an irredeemable paper currency is an intolerable evil, and that as rapidly as possible we should "approximate" to a specie basis. The Illinois Republicans also favored a return to specie payment at the earliest practicable day, but they struck out an expression of hostility to an increase of the legal tenders; and their action showed that while they were not averse to inflation, they were conscious that public and party opinion was against it. In Indiana the Republican Convention pronounced for free banking, for additional currency, and for redistribution. The Western Democratic Conventions will undoubtedly speak in the same general strain. The Maine Democrats, being out of power and responsibility, also declared for absolute free trade. They were evidently more intent upon a platform to fight upon than to win upon, and we wait to hear the Maine or any other Democratic Convention resolve that it is in favor of raising the revenue by direct taxation. But we expect to wait for some time.

Beyond this expression upon the financial question there is nothing whatever in the platforms which could have cost much pains or anxiety in the preparation. The Vermont Republicans stand by the Union and "its noble defenders," and the Maine Democrats, with a richness beyond Squeers, resolve "that the civil service of the government should be performed by those who are found best qualified therefor." Indeed, the brevity and vacuity of the platforms show the universal consciousness that parties are not now divided by real issues, that the paramount question is one of administration, and that the elections will be determined by the popular feeling as to which party will more probably secure the objects which all profess to desire. Now the Democratic party is the same organization which in its National Convention of 1868 declared for paying in paper all the obligations of the government not expressly made payable in coin, and therefore its resolutions of sensitiveness to the national honor and of horror at a paper currency merely show not a party conviction, but a consciousness that such professions will be popular. Why any voter should suppose that the government under such a party is really more likely to return to specie payments than with that which has never faltered in its fidelity to sound doctrine, the Maine Democrats do not say. And assuming the whole subject to be—partywise—an open question, the same voter will remark that while the Democratic vote in Congress was about evenly divided upon the decisive point, the immense majority of Republican papers have been true to their colors, and all the weightiest Republican leaders in both Houses of Congress, with the exception of Senator MORTON, were opposed to inflation.

The question of the elections for which these conventions and platforms are preparing thus becomes one of antecedents and probabilities. The sole chance for the Democratic party is negative, and not positive. It is not that the country or any large number of Republicans would prefer Democratic ascendency, but that they may be so discontented and irritated as to be willing to take the risk of it. Some, indeed, may think that nothing would really arouse the country to a sense of its duty but a Democratic victory. This is sophistical, but unreason is one of the most constant elements in political calculations, and it should be carefully considered by party managers. It is not enough at a time like this that the Democrats have no particular policy, or that they are less to be trusted than the Republicans; the question is whether, in the absence of a great question, the feeling that change will be improvement will not sweep all before it. This was the real explanation of the great log-cabin and hard cider victory of 1840; and the only way to baffle such a tendency is to remove the causes of discontent. But that is easier to say than to do. We have heard impatient Republicans exclaim with warmth that, if the party had only chosen, it might to-day have been invincible. But such men mean only that if they could have had their way there would have been no trouble. So probably Mr. MORTON thinks. If General BUTLER could have been more suppressed, if investigation had not revealed corruption, if we had all been of one mind upon the finances, if the President had not clung to SIMMONS and SHEPHERD, if—a thousand things, there would have been no discontent. Meanwhile the duty of every man who does not believe that it is well for the general welfare that the Democratic party should succeed is to do what he can to moderate discontent by sharp criticism of the just causes of it in the Republican party.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS.

A NEWSPAPER, commenting upon a recent drawing by Mr. NAST, says that if he lives long enough he will caricature "every prominent man in the country, no matter what his politics or style of religion." If this means that Mr. NAST will use his skill wantonly and for the mere sake of levity, we are very sure that the paper is mistaken. But if it means that he will not hesitate to use his pencil in the cause of what he believes to be truth and justice and liberty and sound principles of government and pure administration, against those of every party and every church who assail or injure them, then it merely does him justice. But in such a course Mr. NAST does only what every independent editor or writer for the press now does. The days of "organs" are passed. No great journal is now an organ in the old "thick-and-thin" sense; that is, it does not defend under all circumstances all the men and all the measures of any party. No such journal, indeed, is neutral, simply because if it would have an influence, if it would be what is called "a power," it must have very decided opinions upon public measures, and express them with such force as it can command and with such courtesy as it chooses. There are, indeed, newspapers which are owned or edited by persons who hold office under the Administration, and in some such cases, but certainly not in all, the paper may be afraid to think upon party measures or to criticise and censure party leaders. But this is not true of any of the great journals in any part of the country.

And the reason is easily found. It is that great papers do not ask favors from the Administration, nor in any sense depend upon it. If, indeed, an editor wishes an office, he will probably "butter" the appointing power. But beyond a personal advantage, the only favor that an Administration can offer to any journal is to furnish it with certain important news in advance of other papers. This becomes unimportant in this day of such skillful collection of news by reporters, and in the face of the hostility to the department sure to be aroused by partiality. Practically, therefore, the press is really independent. Absolute independence, in the sense of indifference, is neither possible nor desirable in a country which must be controlled by parties. All that a journal requires to be truly independent is candor and courage—candor to see the faults of its friends, and courage to expose them. And a paper which is both candid and courageous will naturally be courteous, for courtesy belongs to manliness.

One of the most significant and cheering signs of the time is this practical emancipation of the press. Despite abuses which are evident and familiar, and which have seriously injured it, the press was never so independent or so powerful as it is to-day. Its influence was never more felt, was never more palpable, than it was during the late session of Congress. The investigations, which were the best work of the session, were greatly due to it. The veto message was doubtless largely the result of the united, strong, and intelligent position of the press. And it may fairly be said that the Republican press has saved the Republican party from the very serious errors into which the leaders would have precipitated it, and has saved it by the most independent and rigorous censure and warning and appeal. The law which was, after all, passed, and which authorizes the trial in Washington of a newspaper for libel published any where in the country, is aimed at this independence, and will recoil upon the party that passed it. It is said to be meant as a bar to license, not to liberty. But that plea is as old as tyranny. The law will not constrain the independence of severe criticism, but it will wound its authors as the alien and sedition laws smote the old Federalists. Mr. NAST belongs to the independent press, and therefore, we presume, his pencil will continue to expose all, whether Republicans or Democrats, or liquor-dealers or prohibitionists, or Grangers or their opponents, who seem to him by their words or deeds, intentionally or thoughtlessly, to injure an honest and intelligent and progressive administration of the government.

THE POPE AND ITALIAN POLITICS.

WE make the following extracts from the letter of a gentleman of great experience and sagacity, and of unusual opportunities of observation. He writes from Germany, after a winter's residence in Italy:

> "You know how sincere a friend Mr. —— is of the Italian government, and how much he is inclined to see the bright side of the present state of things in that new kingdom, and I was therefore a little surprised to find that he was not free from a good deal of discouragement and of doubt in regard to the future. What most of all made him feel rather uneasy was the unsatisfactory state of the finances, and the unwillingness of the wealthy classes to contribute to the now very great expenses. The Italian government labors under the usual disadvantage of a new government, which must—or thinks it must—do a great deal in a short time, and which is thereby forced to go beyond its means, and to do things hurriedly and imperfectly. This applies also to the municipality of Rome, which is transforming the city on a scale that seems to be unnecessarily grandiose, the consequence of which is that too many of the public works and improvements remain unfinished, and while in that state become an impediment and a nuisance. But much has been done to modernize the city. The police is efficient; the public carriages are made to observe the tariff, and are clean and nice; the streets are well kept; life and property are well protected; in fact, Rome is in all these respects not much behind other great cities, and in some not a little ahead of Berlin. But the change does not impress you as being of natural growth, and as being secured for all time to come, because the burdens which it imposes upon the poorer classes are very heavy, and are very much felt by them, who do not appreciate the great good that will ultimately result—a good, however, which will of course *not* result if the want of money should suddenly compel the abandonment of what has been begun with such energy....
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> "The general opinion is that the convents have been suppressed with too much energy; but the government was driven forward by the liberal party to treat the monastic orders in general as enemies. Some of those which were useful in some ways are regretted, but, disregarding the violation of vested and legitimate rights of property, the measure will, on the whole, probably prove to be a good one, only it would have been more satisfactory if the property thus obtained had been applied more to the improvement of general education and less for barracks. But nobody will, in my opinion, profit more by the suppression of the convents than the Catholic Church, because the successor of PIUS IX. will find *tabula rasa*: the dead weight of monasteries that were unpopular, disorganized, and demoralized will have been removed from the Church, and the odium of having suppressed the good ones will attach to its enemies. A reform of the convents was much wanted, but the Pope had not the strength to bring it about, and what has now been done relieves him of that unpleasant duty. I am, on the whole, strongly of opinion that a radical reform of the Catholic Church is now imminent, and will have to be carried through by the next Pope, whoever he may be. It is generally supposed that the present Cardinal-Archbishop of Naples, SFORZA, will be the man; but it may be that his name, which is popular, is put forth only with the view of misleading the public. If a strong and superior man is elected Pope, who will have the courage to adopt the doctrine of separation of church and state, he will become the first power in Europe, and be able to restore the Catholic Church to the highest possible position.
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> "I had a long conversation with the Pope, and found him, as I expected, the most amiable and most venerable of men, but not a man of superior mind; and I now fully understand that he can only stick to his 'non possumus,' but *that* he will surely do, because he considers it his sacred duty to protest to the last. He is, I am assured, a most pious and believing Christian, and would meet any fate which might befall him with all the cheerfulness of a true martyr. But to give you an idea of his way of speaking and thinking, I will mention that, having asked me if I knew the United States, he said, laughingly, in response to my reply, 'They are a droll people, those Americans! Some of them pretend to be Christians, but will not consent to be baptized! But how can a man be a Christian without baptism?' He readily admitted, however, that the Church was not persecuted in the United States; but when I then made a slight attempt to make him understand that this might be in a great measure owing to the fact that church and state were separated, he shook his head, and said that that would never do in Italy; the rising generation were too much perverted for that. His ideas were in a very narrow circle; but he will remain firm in his 'non possumus' to the last. Some of the monsignori whom I met in society and in the anti-Camera Pontifica explained to me that the Pope could not leave the Vatican because in the streets of Rome he would meet a great many *faits accomplis* which he could not and ought not to countenance by quietly passing by; and also that he could not bear to see the Church and all that a good Catholic considers sacred vilified and caricatured in print every where upon the walls; hence he is morally a prisoner, although it is admitted on all hands that he would be received every where on his way with the utmost veneration and with every demonstration of personal respect. ANTONELLI I found in good health and spirits, but he impressed me merely as a 'fin diplomate,' probably without any conviction, and for that sort of man I have not much taste."

INDEMNITY FROM SPAIN.

A REFERENCE to the agreement of the 29th of November last between the Secretary of State and the Spanish minister will show exactly the scope of "the demand" recently made by the United States upon Spain. Spain agreed to investigate the conduct of those of her authorities who may have infringed Spanish laws and treaty obligations, try them before competent courts, and punish those who might be convicted: "other reciprocal reclamations to be the subject of consideration and arrangement between the two Governments," and any disagreement to be referred to arbitration. Our Government has now apprised that of Spain that it is time to proceed with the investigation; and it has further made a demand for indemnity for the families of the victims. Made simultaneously with a similar demand from the British Government, this is a summons which Spain is in no condition to disregard. Her situation, indeed, with the Carlist revolt and political uncertainty at home, and the Cuban insurrection still unsubdued, is critical. To satisfy the American and English demands would probably seem to the "ever-faithful" Cubans a confession of judgment and a censure of themselves, and thus by alienating them lead to still further embarrassments. But our Government was under no kind of obligation to await the pacification of the country, having no reason to suppose that the pacification would tend to a peculiarly friendly disposition toward us.

We may be very sure, however, that the Secretary of State has made his demands reasonably and courteously, yet with all necessary firmness; and as Admiral POLO DI BERNABE, the minister who signed the protocol with the Secretary, is on his return to Spain, we may be equally sure that the Spanish Government will act with full knowledge not only of the facts of the negotiation, but of the state of public feeling in this country. If, as has been suggested, the admiral is recalled because of a too friendly regard for the United States, nothing will be gained. There can be no question that we have fully and honorably done all our duty under the agreement, and Spain must do hers. Of course she will not be allowed to delay interminably, and will be brought to a speedy decision. Yet, as the demand for indemnity must have been made under the clause of "reciprocal reclamations," if the Governments disagree, the difference will be referred, under the agreement, to arbitration, if the Senate consents. If the result should be the distinct definition of the status of a vessel like the *Virginius*, and of the duty of nations toward those seized under the circumstances of her capture, civilization would be the gainer. The settlement of the difficulty was honorable, and we trust its spirit will be observed to the end.

DISMISSALS IN THE TREASURY.

THE late reduction of the force of clerks in the Treasury Department was undoubtedly painful in some of its circumstances. One of the clerks said that except for the two months' salary that was paid him as a gratuity he must have gone to the almshouse. Some of the women are said to have fainted; and whether such stories are true or not, the suffering and anxiety caused by the reduction are unquestionable. But it is all an incident of the system upon which the subordinate civil service has been conducted. Where the clerical offices are the reward of party zeal their number will be constantly increased without regard to the necessities of the service, and merely to multiply rewards, and a sudden spasm of economy will vacate them mercilessly. We have no doubt of the truth of the report that members of Congress who cried aloud in the Capitol for reduction and economy were very busy at the departments endeavoring to save their henchmen and women from the fatal warning that they were no longer needed.

The appeal to the appointing power upon the ground of humanity and charity—the piteous wail that dismissal is starvation—is one of the most difficult to resist, and it is to its natural force that much extravagance and inefficiency are due. There are clerks of various degrees who are worse than useless—whose retention is a loss to the Treasury and a perplexity to administration; but what head of a department or of a bureau wishes to turn into the street or the poorhouse a man who has given all his life and industry to the public service, and is superannuated? Yet as such a clerk holds only by favor, and without hope of a retiring pension, his livelihood depends upon the will of the official superior, and that will, under the system of patronage, is controlled by a score of considerations that have no connection with the service. If a place *must* be made for the favorite of a powerful politician, it is not impossible that the old servant must go, or, on the other hand, an "unsound" but thoroughly efficient clerk be dismissed to make room for an incapable.

A sensible system of appointment and of tenure would obviate all these difficulties. Such a system would, of course, raise the question of pension, and an opportunity would be offered of showing why an old military officer should be pensioned, and an old civil officer turned off without resource. Happily there is no discussion which any aspect of the subject might occasion which would not show more plainly the reason of a reform. The necessity and propriety of the reduction of force which has just taken place in the Treasury Department demonstrates the folly of the present system; for the excessive number was not the result of a necessity of the service, but of the demands of politicians and the needs of a party. When the appropriations for clerk hire were diminished, the superfluity of assistance was, of course, discovered, and the rest followed. The reduction of force is right, for the public service is not a charity. We ask only that the principle shall be consistently and universally recognized.

A DEAD LOCK IN DENMARK.

In another column we give a glimpse of Italian affairs, but at the other end of Europe, in the little kingdom of Denmark, the political situation is also peculiar and interesting. In 1848 the Danish liberals, who belonged almost exclusively to the bourgeoisie, or what is called the *tiers état*, secured a most democratic electoral law, in fact, universal suffrage, believing, as the same class believed in France after the revolution of 1830, that the "fourth estate" would never be willing or able to obtain control of the government. But events have shown them to be in error; for the fourth estate—or what would be called in Europe the lower class—has preferred to elect men of its own kind to the popular House of the Rigsdag, and has obtained a decided majority of that House. The English practice—the unwritten law—that a ministry shall retire with its defeat in the popular House, has been followed in Denmark for a quarter of a century. But when the present *bourgeois* cabinet found itself in a minority, it considered it to be a "higher" duty to remain in office. It therefore declined to resign.

Upon this the House resorted to the British Parliamentary remedy, and refused to vote the supplies. The ministry promptly dissolved it, and appealed to the country. The country responded by electing a majority opposed to the ministry; and now for some time, even for some years, there has been a "Government" or Administration which is powerless in the popular branch of the Legislature, and at open war with it. It is felt by the best men in Denmark to be a very demoralizing situation. The prestige which the Government had obtained is fast disappearing. The most necessary reforms are paralyzed, and the whole machinery of government works with the utmost difficulty and friction. The English practice being abandoned, there is no apparent remedy for the dead lock. If the ministry will not resign, the king can not help himself. Indeed, there seems no issue to the situation except by revolution, and it is not easy to see how such a resort is avoided.

But the whole European situation is obscure. A remarkably competent observer tells us elsewhere what it is in Italy. In France it is always volcanic. French politics are, in truth, the permanent revolution, because the real question is not one of administration, of policy, or expediency, but of the nature and form of the government itself. In Spain it is not less doubtful. Meanwhile some of the wisest heads in Europe feel that great events are even now preparing. Just three hundred years ago Sir Philip Sidney said, "I can not think there is any man possessed of common understanding who does not see to what these rough storms are driving, by which all Christendom has been agitated now these many years." So, now, the enormous armaments, the frequent interviews of monarchs, the tone of the press, the deadly hostility of Germany and France, the brief fury of the Commune, the position of the Papacy, and a hundred other signs announce to the coolest observers the imminence of new wars, from which democracy, or popular government, will emerge crushed or all-powerful. This is evidently the view of Mr. Disraeli, who said in a late debate in Parliament that "the great crisis of the world is nearer than some suppose." His words, taken in connection with his speech at Edinburgh last autumn, in which he described what he called the spirit of the age, show that the British Prime Minister believes great events to be imminent.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS IN NEW YORK.

The amendments to the Constitution of New York, which are to be submitted to the vote of the people at the next election, have as yet attracted very little attention. Yet there is no question which deserves more careful thought than the revision of the fundamental law. In the present case a commission of gentlemen of all parties was appointed by the Governor for the purpose. They were men well known to the State, or to their various districts; and as they had all the discussions of the Constitutional Convention of 1867–68 before them, they knew in what points the present Constitution was supposed to require correction. But the summary rejection of the work of that Convention, except the judiciary article, also showed them a popular opposition to a general and radical change, and the Commission, after deliberate consideration, submitted to the Legislature certain amendments to the existing Constitution, and not a new work. One of the best and, upon the whole, the most radical of these amendments was rejected by the late Legislature. This was an extension of the appointing power of the Governor, which was based upon perfectly sound republican principles, and rejected upon a consideration of mere "Buncombe" republicanism—that if an officer is not elected by the people, power is dangerously taken from them. But the people being the source of power under this government, if they choose to impose conditions upon its exercise which are dictated by experience, and which can always be changed or abolished, such a limitation is a just and wise exercise of their power.

The amendments which the Legislature finally decided to submit to a vote are attempts to make such changes as experience has shown to be desirable in the working of the Constitution. Thus the term of the Governor is extended to three years, and he is to receive a salary of ten thousand dollars, with a suitable and furnished residence. In an appropriation bill he may object to some items and approve the rest; but if the Legislature is in session, and sustains any vetoed item by a two-thirds vote, it shall become law. In the article upon the Legislature special legislation is prohibited in many enumerated cases, and in article eight the credit and money of the State are prohibited to private associations of any kind, with the right reserved of caring for the deaf, dumb, and blind, and for juvenile offenders. Counties, cities, towns, and villages are also forbidden to bond themselves for any individual enterprise, or to incur indebtedness for any but county, city, town, and village purposes. There are also stringent provisions against bribery.

Such amendments as these, which have been all seriously considered, and are founded upon sound principles, should receive cordial support. There can be no partisan objection to them, for they are not recommended by a party, nor do they serve any party purpose. Indeed, the whole work of the Commission was remarkably unpartisan, and as the election comes nearer we shall undoubtedly see the good sense of the proposed amendments set forth in papers of all opinions.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XX.

For the France of Lafayette, Vergennes, De Grasse—of that cultivated and generous society of wits and statesmen of the eighteenth century who forced the reluctant court and the ruling caste to throw open their ports to American insurgents, and lent effectual aid to Washington—America will always feel a natural regard, and will forget for their sake that in a later France the Directory and the first Napoleon persecuted American commerce and transatlantic freedom, or that a third Napoleon labored to found a French empire in the New World from the wreck of its afflicted republics. Yet as I glided through a succession of fair and animated scenery on the road from Paris to Versailles I was lost in the memories of the earlier epoch. I saw, in 1774, the French philosophers and poets first turn their eyes to the New World, to the heroism of Boston, and the unity of sentiment of twelve feeble colonies; I heard the cries of joy in the struggling ranks of the insurgents over a few ship-loads of French arms that saved them from ruin in 1777, and saw Franklin asking aid at the Palais Royal and Versailles for his new republic. A century had nearly passed. We rode swiftly through the fairest environs of Paris. St. Cloud and Sèvres, rich with verdure and high cultivation, glided by. The railway is lined with the most tasteful of country-houses, with villas hid amidst banks of roses, and rural palaces covered with masses of foliage. St. Cloud, bright as a fallen Paradise, sprang up swiftly around us. Behind, far below, lit by rare sunlight, fresh in the bloom of spring, all Paris lay beneath us. Folded in the apparently ample circuit of its fortifications, the vast capital seemed distinctly marked out on its purple plain. The Seine wound beneath its bridges, and, half lost amidst embankments and architectural devices, clove in two the great city which had gathered around the insignificant stream. There were the twin islands where Cæsar, Julian, and Charlemagne had left their impress; the huge cathedral of the Middle Ages; the modern grace of the Madeleine; the palaces upon which Francis I. had labored, and where Catherine de' Medici proved her consummate taste; the Louvre, teeming with the wealth of art; the vacant site of the Bastile; the broad plain of the Field of Mars—scenes where despotism had exercised its stolid cruelty, and where frenzied freedom had emulated its excesses; the camp of the Germans, the wrecks of the Commune.

For eighty years or more France has striven to become free, and the first French republic was almost coeval with our own. Yet with how different a fate! It was shattered by its own enormities, and fell before foreign and domestic foes. But it is plain that republicanism in France has striven against intolerable obstacles, such as might well have dissipated the hopes of Washington and Franklin, and defied the energy of Jefferson and Adams. The American republic sprang up in a land already rude, severe, and democratic; it leaned upon the virtues of a people who had never been seduced by the follies of European license, who had never been the slaves of a frivolous nobility, or the mental serfs of an intolerant Church. The French republic came from a far less propitious soil. Yet it taught mankind many pure and generous thoughts. From the Federal Assembly on the Field of Mars of 1790, the most imposing and the most remarkable of all French spectacles, went forth only lessons of brotherhood and of peace. It is with sadness rather than a smile that one reads the inscription still legible upon all the churches and public buildings of Paris, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity;" nor have their Robespierres and Napoleons, priests and princes, been able to erase from the French intellect the hope of a better era. All, indeed, that is good and valuable in modern France has come from its brave yet apparently useless struggle to emulate "Franklin's republic" and conquer the disadvantages of its political situation. Whatever popular education it possesses, the destruction of serfdom and of all feudal principles, the creation of immense numbers of industrious freeholders, the revival of manufactures and trade, the slow growth of a purer religion, the notion of a higher morality, the hope of a lasting progress, are the plain results of its labors of eighty years in the cause it espoused on the Field of Mars. Republicanism in France, however wounded and defamed in the house of its friends, has accomplished possibly greater achievements than even in more prosperous lands; for eighty-five years it has pursued its vision of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," with patience and hope. Nor has the struggle after ideal excellence been fruitless, nor will it be altogether unsuccessful. To disband its army, to depose its ruling Church, to develop the vast internal wealth of the country, to teach peace and fraternity to all men, seems the most appropriate policy of the French republicans. Such were the aspirations of its early reformers, and in such a career France would win the esteem of Europe and America.

No one approaches Versailles with any higher sentiment than curiosity. No reverence nor respect mingles with the feelings with which one visits the abode of the French kings and princes; no one who surveys its wasteful magnificence can wonder that France has become republican. The palace, bare and discolored, graceless, and wanting even in grandeur, rises from its unhealthy marsh that has been transformed into a blooming park, a monument of cruel vanity. France starved that Louis XIV. might complete his useless bauble, and then fly from its damp chambers and comfortless courts in alarm. It proved a centre of disease and death. The cold floors of polished wood, the magnificent saloons which art had covered with its richest decorations, the ceilings splendid with gold and frescoes, the stately bed-chambers comfortless and silent, the waiting-rooms where French nobles and princes assembled to greet their master, the banqueting halls and scenes of revelry, were tainted, St. Simon relates, with a deadly malaria; the "king of men" strove vainly against the discomforts of nature. Yet the enormous waste of human labor and the cruel extravagance of the corrupt monarch were atoned for in the fate of his descendants. On a memorable day the famine-stricken and maddened Parisians, led by a host of women, streamed along the fair highway from Paris to Versailles; in their raging hunger they plundered the shops of Sèvres, and covered the people with affright. The night fell; rain poured down in torrents; the wild throngs broke into the palace of Versailles, massacred its faithful guards, and sank down to sleep in the splendid saloons that had been decorated with the plunder of the working-men of France. The stately chamber is pointed out whence Marie Antoinette fled hastily from the rage of the Parisian barbarians to seek protection from the powerless king. Wild women and terrible men harbored, not for the first time, in the palace of Louis XIV.; on that sorrowful night his descendants felt the retribution they had scarcely merited, and the next day were borne from Versailles to the Tuileries the prisoners of the people. The French palaces, immense, barbarous, useless, indicate the fearful scenes through which France has made its way to freedom; the blood-stained courts of Versailles and the weird ruins of the Tuileries suggest that the world wants no more palaces, and that the selfish grandeur of princes and nobles must yield to the purer principles of human equality.

In one of the apartments of Versailles meets that Assembly which has usurped the control of the nation, and which seems resolved to bring back the rule of pope and king. Here the Bonapartists and Legitimists, the ecclesiastics and the liberals, discuss the single question whether France shall be free. It seems quite certain that if the Assembly were dissolved and a new election ordered a large republican majority would control the government and the nation; it is only by retaining in power those who have ceased to represent the people that the party of reaction can hope to obstruct the popular will. The struggle that began in 1789 still rages; the republic that was devised more than three-quarters of a century ago at Versailles is still the subject of deliberation and debate. The retrospect is curious; the place, the scene, full of historical interest. Once more in the palace of Louis XIV., the centre of his corrupt tyranny, nobles and priests are laboring to revive caste, chivalry, and superstition; the miracles of Lourdes and the merits of the Sacred Heart are employed to dissipate forever all faith in republicanism; the Jesuits once more rule in the councils of Versailles; the spirit of Louis XIV. has sprung up in his descendants; an immense army, glittering with rich trappings while a nation pines and starves, gathers threateningly around the fatal palace; Paris swells with fierce emotions; want, sorrow, despair, rest upon its people; only a miracle more real than that of Lourdes, or a patriotism as pure and resolute as that of Washington and Franklin, can apparently bring back peace to France. The reform the country needs chiefly is a moral one. Paris must cease to be the temptress of the nations; the people of France must learn to live by industry alone; if the French would be free they must forget the traditions of Bourbons and Napoleons, dissolve their army, and cultivate the arts of peace. A war-loving republic can end only in new scenes of reaction and crime.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Governor Dix has written to Mayor Havemeyer, declaring Police Commissioners Charlick and Gardner out of office by reason of their conviction of misdemeanor, and notifying his honor to appoint their successors. In the face of this the Mayor has re-appointed both Commissioners—Mr. Charlick in Mr. Gardner's place, and Mr. Gardner in Mr. Charlick's.

Monday, the 29th ult., was the hottest June day that we have had in this city for fifty years, the thermometer mounting to 102 degrees in the shade at four in the afternoon. Several persons were sun-struck.

The Boston female School Commissioners have been utterly defeated in the final effort to get their seats in the board, the full bench of the Supreme Court having just decided that the School Board is the sole judge of its own membership, and therefore had the right to exclude them.

Hon. Myron H. Clark has accepted the nomination of the Prohibitionists for Governor of New York. The Illinois Prohibitionists, on the 30th ult., nominated Mrs. Jennie F. Willing as Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The Iowa Republican State Convention met on the 1st inst., and renominated the present Secretary of State and the Treasurer.

The Social Mills, in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, running 50,000 spindles and 1000 looms on cotton goods, were entirely destroyed by fire on the 1st inst. The loss will reach $700,000 to $800,000, on which there is $630,000 of insurance.

The public debt of the United States was decreased $2,180,196 94 during the month of June.

Mr. Charles F. Conant, of New Hampshire, has been appointed by the President to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Congressman Hale declines to accept the place of Postmaster-General.

FOREIGN NEWS.

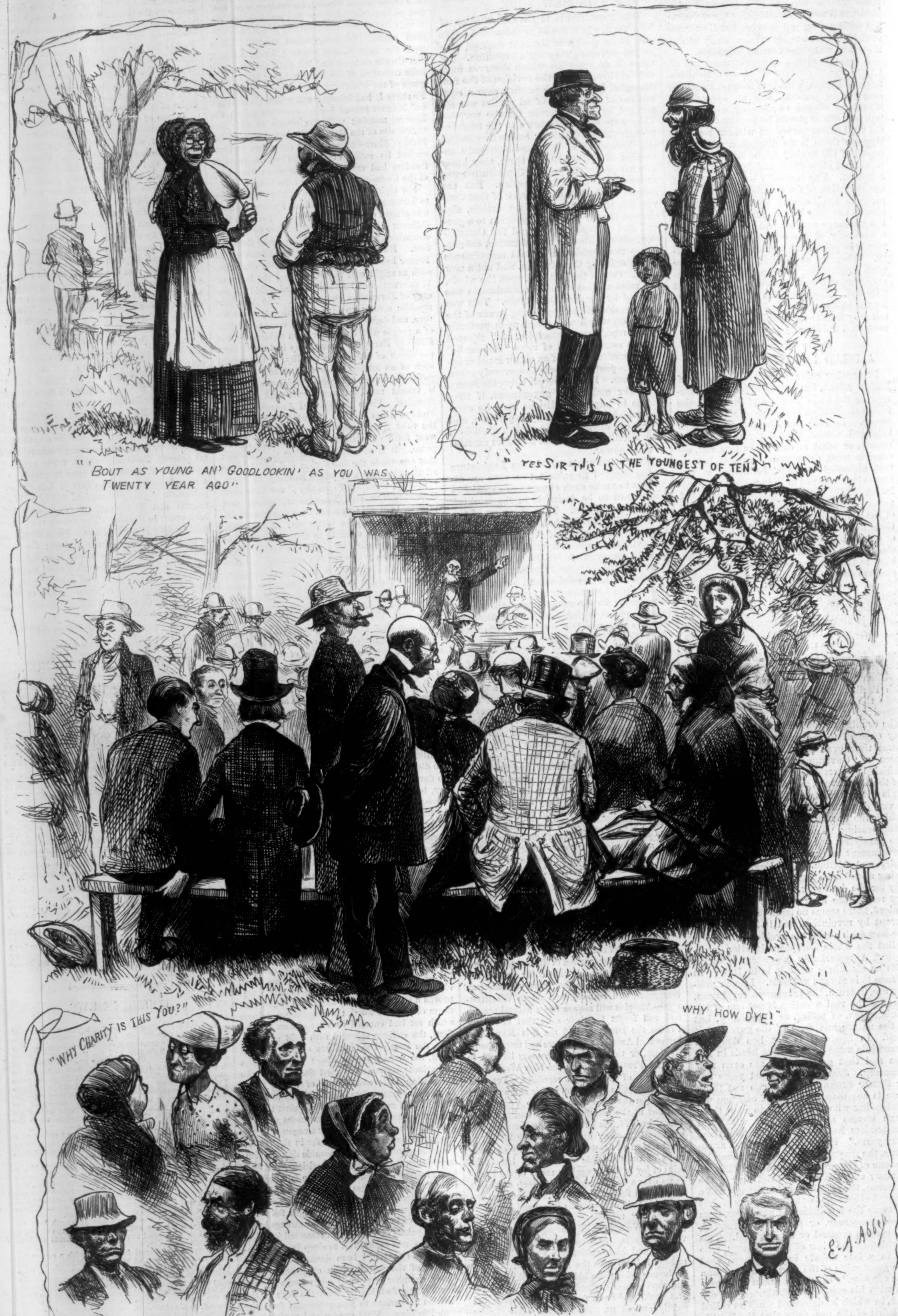
The sub-committee of the Committee of Thirty of the French Assembly have drawn up a new constitutional bill. The measure provides for the continuance of the title of "President of the Republic;" for the creation of a second Chamber; for the organization of a purely personal septennate, which is to terminate with the expiration of President M'Mahon's seven years' term, or sooner in case of his death or resignation. No provision is made for a successor to the President, and it is thought that the object of the omission is to leave an opportunity for the restoration of the monarchy, which may be possible when the septennate ceases.

The Pope told the generals of religious orders who called on him recently that he deplored the suppression of their houses, and exhorted them to remain united, and they would re-assemble hereafter.

Very destructive fires have occurred recently in the Russian town of Berditchev, which is inhabited mostly by Jews. In one day 600 houses were burned, and on the day following nearly as many more were destroyed. The same week the town was again visited by fires, and whole streets were laid in ashes. Thousands of persons were rendered homeless.

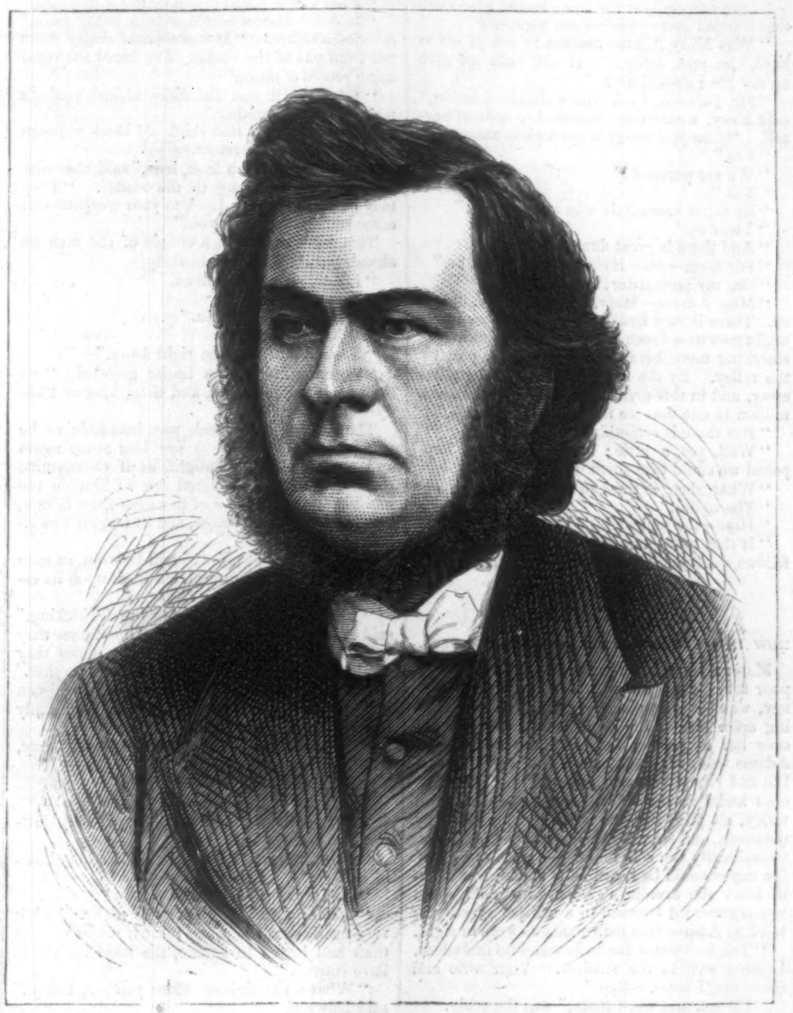
The emblem of the crown has at length been removed from the flag over the palace of the Captain-General of Cuba, and the banner now floats without that mark of royalty.

The Spanish national forces met with a severe repulse on the 28th ult., at Muro, near Estella. Attacking the Carlists, who were strongly intrenched, they drove them from their first line of defense, but at the next move the government troops were driven back in disorder. General Concha, who was riding at the head of the line, was shot in the chest, and falling to the ground, he died instantly. General Echague then took command, and ordered a retreat to Larraga and Tafalla. The total loss of the nationals was 800 killed and wounded. The Carlists are said to have cruelly mutilated and then massacred all the prisoners that fell into their hands. General Zabala has taken command, and will press the enemy closely.


"'BOUT AS YOUNG AN' GOODLOOKIN' AS YOU WAS TWENTY YEAR AGO"
"YES SIR THIS IS THE YOUNGEST OF TEN"
"WHY CHARITY IS THIS YOU?"
"WHY HOW D'YE!"
E. A. Abbey

MEETING OF OLD SETTLERS.—FROM SKETCHES BY MARY C. M'DONALD.—[SEE PAGE 597.]

WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.



WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

This eminent clergyman, whose portrait is given on this page, was born at Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire, Scotland, on the 23d of October, 1829. His early education was gained at the village academy. At the age of sixteen he entered the University of Glasgow, where he pursued his studies for four years, and carried off several of the highest honors of his class. He graduated in 1849, and at once entered upon the course of theological study preparatory to the profession which he had already chosen. In the years devoted to that purpose, 1849-51, he attended five sessions of the Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church at Edinburgh. He was licensed to preach on the 14th of September, 1852, by the Presbytery of Kilmarnock, by which body he was in the following year ordained minister of the United Presbyterian Church at Kilmaurs, a small hamlet adjoining his birth-place, which was his first charge. Here he preached during the years 1853 and 1854, accepting a call to the United Presbyterian Church at Derby Road, commonly known as Bootle, near Liverpool, on the 23d of October of the latter year. This was the scene of his labors during sixteen years. The field was decidedly unpromising. A suburb of Liverpool, and the terminus of the Cunard line of steamships, the families of seamen and mechanics formed the bulk of the population. No attempt at social or religious improvement had been made within its limits previous to Dr. Taylor's call to the charge of the church above mentioned, and he found it literally a field for missionary labor. His first services were held in a stable loft, and the number of members the society could muster was only thirty; but under his charge the society rapidly increased, and in 1869 it worshiped in a fine stone church large enough to hold 1200 people.

Dr. Taylor first came to this country in the spring of 1871, having accepted an invitation to fill the pulpit of the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, during the absence of its pastor. He was at the same time appointed a delegate of the United Presbyterian Church to the General Assembly, then in session in Chicago. His preaching in Brooklyn was attended with extraordinary success. For ten Sundays in succession the Church of the Pilgrims, one of the largest in the city, was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the eagerness to hear him preach was almost without precedent in the case of a stranger from abroad. Toward the close of his engagement a plan was matured for the erection in New York of a tabernacle capable of seating 4000 to 5000 people, over which he was to be called to preside. He returned to Liverpool in July. Five mouths afterward he received and accepted a call from the Broadway Tabernacle. On his final departure for this country, in February, 1872, he left his congregation with an active membership of 630, a property valued at over £10,000, and a church, chapel, schools, etc., complete and thoroughly equipped in every respect. He assumed the duties of his office as pastor of the Tabernacle on the 1st of March, 1872.

As a preacher Dr. Taylor is earnest and eloquent, without aiming at rhetorical effect or brilliancy. His sermons are thoughtful and practical expositions of Christian doctrine, clothed in plain and simple language. He has published a number of religious works, of which the most widely known is *The Miracles: Helps to Faith, not Hinderances.* This work appeared the year after the publication of Renan's *Life of Christ*, and is considered one of the ablest of the many answers to the theories of that brilliant skeptic.

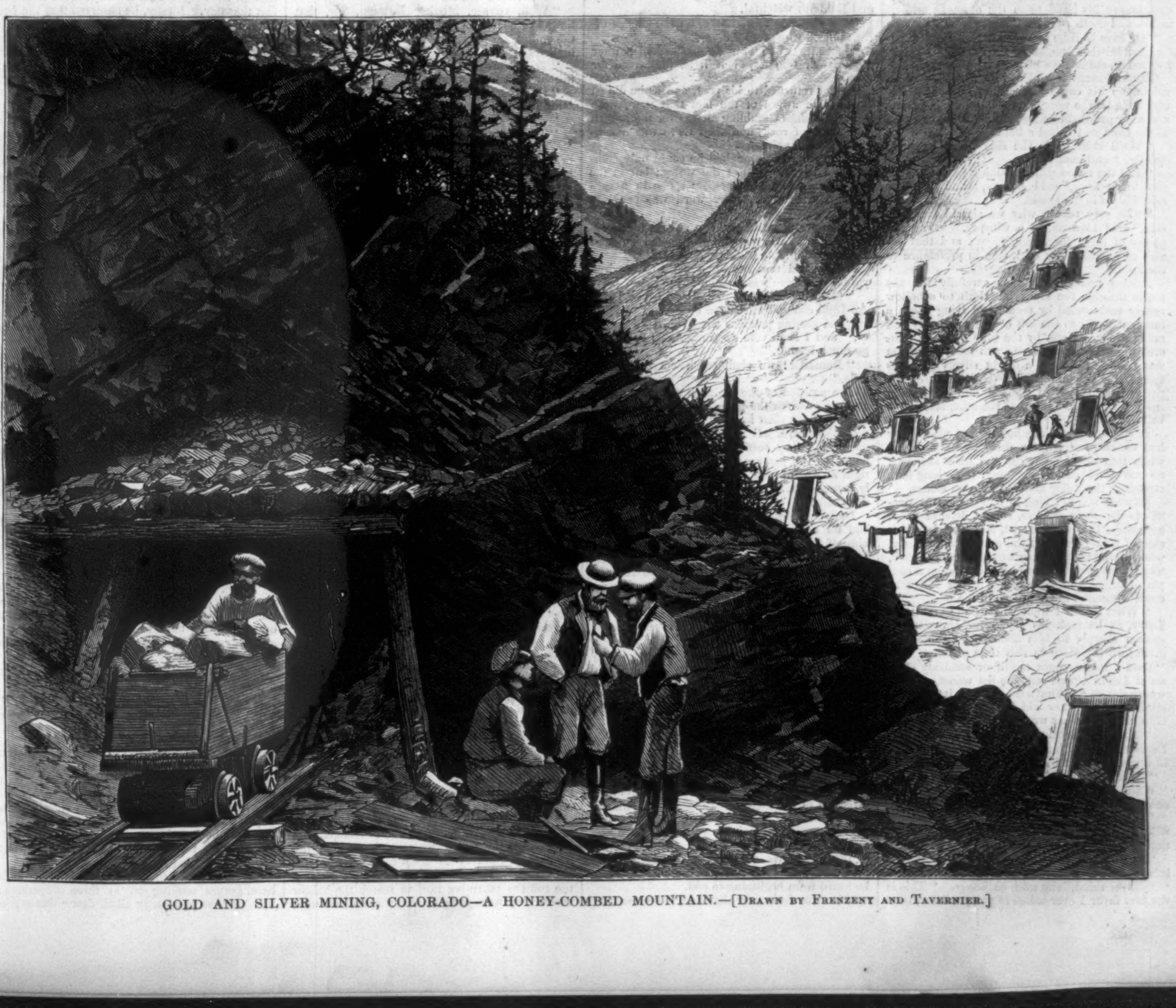
Dr. Taylor sailed from this city in the steamship *Russia* on the 1st inst., for a three months' tour in Europe.

MEETING OF OLD SETTLERS.

Miss M‘Donald's sketches on the opposite page represent under its humorous aspects an eventful time in the history of a Western village, whose name and locality may be left to the reader's imagination. Years before the gathering pictured by the artist a company of people from one of the older States went West in search of new homes. Some settled in one place, some in another; some had good fortune, while others missed the prosperity they sought. A quarter of a century has passed, and now the survivors of the company, with children and grandchildren, have gathered to renew old acquaintances, compare notes, and talk over old times. The orator of the occasion recounts the history of original members, pays a feeling tribute to the memory of the dead, and glorifies the magnificent country they have assisted in developing. For the minor incidents of the festival the reader must study Miss M‘Donald's excellent sketches.

A HONEY-COMBED MOUNTAIN.

This drawing shows a sight often witnessed in a rich mining country like Colorado. The hills and mountains throughout that region are literally honey-combed with tunnels, shafts, and prospecting holes. The hardy miner is a very persevering fellow. He will turn the surface of a mountain over and over as long as there is the slightest indication of favorable results in the end. The money expended in sinking shafts and driving tunnels is very large, and often the experiment ends in complete disappointment. The rich veins that crop out at the surface often follow a most capricious course, and even the experienced practical miner is sometimes fooled into sinking a shaft fifteen or twenty feet deep, only to find some small unprofitable branch vein. His experience tells him to give up the job, and he does so without further loss of time, whereas the tyro in mining will go on with his enterprise, digging deeper and deeper into his pocket as well as into the mountain, until he comes out a poorer and a wiser man.



GOLD AND SILVER MINING, COLORADO—A HONEY-COMBED MOUNTAIN.—[Drawn by Frenzeny and Tavernier.]

The Treasure Hunters;

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "Ship Ahoy!"

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

FRESH DANGERS.

And now, as they kept on their weary tramp, the sun began to sink lower and lower, turning the tops of the mountains to gold; the heat grew less intense; but the path, if any thing, more rough, for they were ever winding in and out among great fragments of rock, the valley wearing all the appearance of the bed of some mighty mountain stream that had suddenly dried and left the vast boulders, late the parents of mighty eddies and whirlpools in the rushing stream, in the places to which they had been borne by the torrent. There seemed to be no tokens of the valley coming to an end, but their progress had been necessarily slow, and they had the satisfaction of knowing that their pursuers would come on at no better rate.

At last, as they were coming to the end of a long straight sweep, Dawson paused to take a careful observation of the ground over which they had passed; and his brow clouded as he saw the enemy were in full pursuit, and must soon come within sight.

The questions then which he discussed with Adams were these: Should they press on? or, as soon as it began to grow dusk, seek for a hiding-place among the rocks, and lie there till their pursuers had passed them, trusting afterward to their own skill to avoid a second encounter?

The latter plan was the one decided upon, as in a long pursuit the scoundrels must sooner or later overtake them, heavily laden as their mules were. So they kept steadily on, taking care to keep as low down in the valley as they could.

Larry was now deputed to help Ike with the mules, and try to get the weary beasts on a little faster, which the Irishman did by coaxing and patting them, and saying a few encouraging words, while Ike, on the contrary, seemed disposed to tease and worry them. There was one mule in particular, the animal that had kicked and bitten at Larry, which Ike had roused up to such a pitch of animosity that he had only to advance a hand as if to touch it, when the animal would shake its head and squeal out a sort of defiance.

This the fellow kept up every now and then, till Larry went and walked at the other side of the mule, after a laughing look at Mrs. Adams; and, laying his hand upon the animal's bridle, he stooped down as if listening to a remark.

"He says he'll be obleeged if ye'll sthop thim thricks, Misther Ike," said Larry, aloud; "an' he's asked me to take his part if ye won't."

The half-breed looked at him with a peculiar grin upon his countenance; but he said nothing. He let the mule jog on, however, in peace, and after proceeding another mile, Dawson came to the front and called a halt.

"We'll shift in to the side here," he said, quietly, "and camp."

"But the moon will be shining full upon that side in an hour," said Adams, "and the other side will be in the shade."

"The very reason why we should pick this side," said Dawson, in a whisper. "There is plenty of room for concealment; and they are safe to examine the dark side in preference to the light."

Adams nodded, and they carefully led the mules through the stony labyrinth to a hollow nearly surrounded by rocks, and lying about a hundred yards to the left of the track they had made so far. Here, by the time they had tethered the mules, and given them food, the moon was shining full with a bright silvery clearness almost like that of day; but the rocks threw the part where they had camped into as black a shadow as was to be seen on the other side of the valley.

It was a rugged little hollow that which they had chosen, fortified for them by nature; and while they could crouch in the thick shadows, no one could pass without traveling a long bare stretch of the valley almost free from stones.

Dawson was not long in making his arrangements for their defense, should defense prove necessary, Ike being armed, and placed on one side of Adams, nearest the mules, while Larry, who refused to take other weapon than his stick, was placed to defend an opening between a couple of rocks, Dawson chosing a spot where he could command the approach of the foe.

"What would I want wid a gun?" muttered Larry, as he took his place—for Dawson had spoken sharply to him about his obstinacy in giving up his piece in this time of emergency. "Sure I might shoot mesilf or sombody else; an' if I didn't, pop! say she jist wanst, an' thin where are ye? What's the good ov it? ye can't sthrike a good blow wid it, an' it's in yer way. Gun, indeed! what would I want wid a gun?"

"There's something wrong, is there not, Mr. Dawson?" said Mary Adams, speaking to him in a whisper, that her sister might not hear.

"Wrong!" he said, in the same low tone. "What, because we prudently fortify our camp at night, now we are in an enemy's country?"

"Mr. Dawson," said Mary, "you are trifling with me. Are not we women worthy of trust, that you keep us like this in the dark?"

"If we do," he said, in a low, soft voice, "it is because we think it for your good."

"Never mind," she said, earnestly. "This is the first favor I ever asked of you; tell me, then—I have suspected it for some hours, ever since that hurried start—are we not pursued?"

"Miss Mary Adams has but to ask of me to have," he said, softly. "If she bade me give up my life I should do it."

"Mr. Dawson, I ask you a simple question," said Mary, whose voice trembled in spite of herself. "Can you not give me a plain answer?"

"Yes."

"We are pursued?"

"Yes."

"By those scoundrels who attacked us?"

"I fear so."

"And there is great danger?"

"For them—yes—if they try to molest us."

"Oh, my poor sister!"

"Miss Adams—Mary," he whispered, "listen. There is very little to fear. The scoundrels might pass us a dozen times without thinking of searching more here than in any other part of the valley. By the morning they may be miles away, and in this great region the chances are a million to one that we never see them again."

"But there is something to fear?"

"Well, yes, a little; but even if that happened we could beat them off."

"What, then, is there to fear?"

"The mules."

"How—the mules?"

"If they made a noise or whinnied when those fellows were passing it would betray us."

CHAPTER XI.

HOW IKE WOULD HAVE TICKLED THE MULES.

Mary Adams had returned to her sister, who, poor thing, tired out with the hot, weary journey, was sleeping placidly, with her head resting upon one of the packs, and a rug spread over her to protect her from the night dew. Adams was at his post, stern and watchful, and Ike and Larry were at theirs. The silence was even awful in the midst of that strange weird valley, all piled up with gray rock, silvered by the moon, and showing clean-cut black shadows. Occasionally the soft munching noise of one of the mules could be heard as it tasted over again in fancy the evening's rations; then all again was silence, till Dawson in a whisper passed the word to Adams that their pursuers were in sight.

"Tell Larry and Ike to be watchful and silent, keeping well in the shadow. Your wife and sister are, I hope, asleep."

"I'll see, and warn them," was the reply.

He crept across to where his wife slept, and Mary laid her hand upon his arm.

"Give me a pistol," she whispered.

"A what?"

"A pistol," she said, calmly. "I might want it to protect your wife."

He hesitated for a moment, and then placed one in her hand, before going on to find Larry and Ike both watchful.

"All depends now, Larry, on the silence of the mules," whispered Adams.

"Does it, Sor? Thin the bastes had betther howld their tongues, or it 'll be the worse for thim."

Adams returned to his post, and as he did so he became aware of the fact that there were heavy footsteps stumbling along over the broken fragments of rock, and then there was a confused buzz of voices.

From where he crouched he could only command a narrow strip of the valley; but in the silence, though their pursuers spoke in a subdued tone of voice, every word was perfectly audible.

"I'm pretty sure," said one voice, with an accompanying oath, "that we've passed 'em, and that they're hiding somewhere back."

"How can that be, when not five hundred yards back there was a patch of the rice?"

"Made a capital trail to hunt 'em by, eh, lads? An Injin couldn't have done better."

"I'm getting precious tired," growled another, "and I shall vote we camp down before we go much farther."

"Nonsense! we shall catch 'em in another mile."

The position of the fugitives was now awful, and the men felt the great drops of perspiration stealing down their faces as they waited in agonizing suspense. It was only a question of moments, but they seemed to be drawn out into hours, as the party came straggling on—came right abreast of where they were hid—were nearly passed—quite passed. Thank Heaven, they were safe!

Dawson's heart seemed to have stood still; and for a few moments he had been blaming himself for not cutting the throats of the mules. It would have been a suicidal act, as far as their project was concerned, and must have resulted in a return to Frisco; but what was that as compared with the safety of those women?

However, the scoundrels were past, and the mules had been silent; the last man was already some dozen yards beyond the rock, trudging slowly on, little thinking that there was the deadly barrel of a rifle, resting upon a rock, effectually covering him, and that a step in a certain direction would have been the signal for a sharp bright burst of flame from that barrel, and a leaden messenger to seek his breast.

Safe then, and—

"Hallo! what's that?" cried a rough voice.

For there rose on the still night air a sharp hollow noise as of a blow, and Dawson felt as if being choked, for the noise had come from the direction of the mules, and it seemed to him as if one must have kicked another.

He listened for a sharp whinnying voice and more kicking, but all was still, save the talking of the scoundrels, who had now come to a halt in the bright moonlight, and their words could be heard from beginning to end.

"It came from over that side," said one.

"I tell you it didn't; it came from this side."

"It don't matter which side it came from," growled another. "It was a bit of shaley stone fell from one of the rocks. I've heard the same thing scores o' times."

"I believe it was old Jake kicked again a rock," laughed another.

"Or you butted that thick old block o' yourn again one," was the retort.

"Well, let's have a look, lads," said the voice that seemed to belong to the leader. "They may be hiding here. Look to your weapons and come on. Now, then, you."

This was directed at a couple of the men on ahead, but they shouted in reply,

"It's all right. Come on."

"What's all right?"

"Here's the trail again."

"What, the rice?"

"Yes; and it leads on right away."

"Come on, lads," the leader growled; "we shall soon nail 'em now, and then, Master Paddy—"

The end of his speech was inaudible as he tramped on, and Dawson saw him stoop again and again in the moonlight, as if to examine something that was pointed out to him on the ground; then the noise of footsteps grew fainter, like the buzzing of voices, and at last all was silent.

"What was that noise?" said Dawson, as soon as the party had congratulated itself upon its escape; "and where's Ike?"

"I think it was one of the two mules kicking," said Adams. "It is wonderful how quiet they were. If those scoundrels had any mules they would have been sure to whinny to one another."

"But where's Ike?" said Dawson again, in an under-tone, for Mrs. Adams was sleeping calmly throughout all.

"Sure he's lyin' down there, Sor," said Larry, pointing toward the mules.

"Asleep?"

"Well, no, Sor, not exactly aslape."

"Did you hear that noise, Larry?" said Dawson.

"Faith, Sor, an' I did. I couldn't help hearin' it."

"And was it the mules?"

"Well, no, Sor, it wasn't the mules; bud it very nearly was the mules; for if wanst wan ov thim had begun to squale, the howl lot would have started."

"What a roundabout fellow you are, Larry!" said Dawson.

"Sure, yer honor, an' it's thin as a hurdle I am."

"Tut, tut! You heard that noise, didn't you?"

"I did, yer honor."

"And you know what it was?"

"Faith an' I do."

"Then what was it?"

"Well, ye see, Misther Dawson, Sor, that there Ike has got a bad habit ov ticklin' wan ov the mules, that little kickin' divil, an' it makes him squale."

"To be sure; I've seen him at it out of pure mischief," said Dawson.

"Hark at him now, yer honor," said Larry; "an' isn't that crobbative ividence?"

"There, go on," said Dawson.

"To be sure I will, yer honor," said Larry. "Well, jist as thim boys was a-goin' by, yer honor, I sees Misther Ikey crape toward the mules, an' he was jist about to tickle that little kickin' rascal, whin I opens me mouth to say, 'Lave him alone!' in a voice of thunder, whin, 'Arrah, Larry,' I sez to mesilf, I sez, 'what will Misther Dawson say if ye shpake now? Give the spalpeen a hint;' an' so, yer honor, I did."

"You gave him a hint?"

"To be sure I did, yer honor, wid me shtick, jist on the back ov his head, an' it persuaded him so that he lay down an' hasn't moved since, while, as yer honor knows, the mules didn't squale at all."

CHAPTER XII.

RECONNOITRING TO SOME PURPOSE.

Dawson remained silent for a few moments, during which he went and turned over Ike, who was lying quite still, and who gave a faint groan on being touched.

"I don't know what to say, Larry," he muttered at last. "I don't like distrusting a man in whom I have placed implicit faith. But stop!" he said: "that rice!"

"Well, yer honor," said Larry, "Masther Ike let his knife into the bag, an' dribbled it all the way along. Jist a bit farther an' I took it in me pockets, an' kept dhroppin' a bit for half a mile before we began to watch."

Dawson stood out in doubt, but Adams spoke up.

"Dawson," he said, "my life on it, you may trust Larry."

Dawson did not reply, but stood gnawing his lips. It was rather hard upon him to be called suddenly to believe that the man in whom he had trusted had tried to betray them—a man whom he had known for years, while his intercourse with Larry had been of very brief duration; and, after all, this might be a bit of jealousy between the two, and the cunning Irishman had seized the opportunity to strike a foul blow.

"His honor Misther Dawson don't seem to belave me," said Larry. "Well, an' I don't ask him to. Only look here, let him kape his eye on the gintleman himsilf."

"I will, Larry," he said, quietly; and then, after seeing to the man's injuries, arrangements were made by which Frank Adams kept the watch, and the rest lay down to sleep in tolerable security, for there was not much prospect of the ruffians returning now to search the hollow where they were hid; in fact, the chances were in that long dale of wild hollows and piled-up rocks that they would not be able to identify the spot again.

Adams kept his lonely watch as the shadows cast by the moon gradually veered round from west to north, and then toward the east. Hardly a sound met his ear, save now and again the low dismal howl of the coyote, that shirking dog-like wolf of the far West; once or twice, too, sounds arose to which he could not give a name, and he listened in a somewhat awe-stricken way till the absence of repetition made their memory grow faint.

It was a strangely weird sight, that rocky valley by moonlight, and it was hard work to keep from thinking that in every black shadow there was not a watching desperado taking careful aim with his piece.

But the small hours arrived without an alarm, and then Larry was roused up to take his master's place, watching till the first streak of gold appeared in the sky, when the whole party was awakened and a hasty meal prepared, though they dared not light a fire, for fear of drawing attention to their position, if any of the ruffians were still in the neighborhood.

Dawson spoke a few words to his man about quarreling with Larry; and the fellow's eyes glittered as he looked full in his master's, trying to read how much Larry had said.

"It is impossible for our expedition to succeed," said Dawson, in conclusion, "if you and that stupid Irishman get to loggerheads. And mind this: don't you attempt to touch him, or I shall take his part."

Then his behavior last night was not put down to treachery, and the Irishman had said nothing. So much the better for him.

An early start was desirable, before the sun grew hot; so, while the mules were being laden—a task which Dawson himself superintended, carefully watching, as if to see that Larry and Ike of the tied-up head did not quarrel—it fell to Adams to take the glass, and go on straight down the valley and reconnoitre.

This he did most carefully, ascending eminence after eminence, so as to get a good sweep with the glass; and he returned at last with the news that there were no traces of the enemy in sight, so the little train went forward, with the difference that, instead of Dawson and Larry forming a rear-guard, they went far in advance as scouts.

Mary Adams had trembled that morning as she thought of her conversation during the night with Dawson; but he had preserved toward her a quiet, respectful demeanor, and Mrs. Adams, who had felt disposed to banter her somewhat about their cavalier, said nothing, little thinking of the danger to which they had been exposed during the night.

Adams, as he plodded on by the side of the mules, seeing to the comfort of the women, and that all went right, took notice of more than one fact that day. Firstly, he observed that the rice did not burst the bags, and trickle slowly out upon the stony track; secondly, the mules seemed to go forward at a much brisker pace, Ike being, in spite of his sore head, full of animation, and cheering the sure-footed little beasts on their way, they responding well in spite of their heavy burdens and the heat.

"It is curious," said Adams to himself, as he looked firmly at the muleteer, whose eager eyes were apparently always on the watch, peering to right and left, and away forward toward the end of the valley, which, as far as they could see for the glare of the sun, seemed in the distance to be opening out—the tall scarped rocks on either side dwindling down into the plain.

And then the young Englishman's thoughts took a very sombre turn, for his suspicions had been aroused, and once aroused, it was not in his nature for the doubts to be easily allayed. He knew Larry, or thought he did. At all events, he trusted him. Larry looked upon this half-breed as ready to betray them; so Adams, in his sombre mood, made a sort of debtor and creditor account, setting the safety of the two women, without taking into consideration the success of their expedition, against the life of this man; and the Englishman's brow knit as he told himself that it would be a case of duty, of stern necessity, the act of a judge upon a malefactor; and he said, between his teeth,

"Let him show one sign of treachery, and I'll shoot him like a dog!"

Perhaps not by sympathy, but from the result of his own arguments, Caleb Dawson had come to the same determination; but he had also made an addition, including in the broad sweep of his idea of justice Larry Carey, who, with his twig under his arm, was trudging solidly along by his side, making an admirable scout.

"Supposing you run back now, Larry," he said, "and see if all's well?"

"Sure, yer honor, there's no runnin' back wanted—they're close here. Yisterday, whin those spalpeens were behind us, the poor bastes ov mules hung back as if they was loadstones; an' to-day, as the inimy is in front, it's all the other way, an' they're ready to run over thim."

It was as Larry said; and Dawson frowned to find how close they were.

"You came on too quickly," he said, brusquely, to Adams when they closed up. "It is not safe."

"The mules seem very fresh," was the reply; and after receiving orders to halt for a quarter of an hour to allow the scouts to get well in advance, Dawson and Larry went forward once more, the glass being brought into requisition at every suitable spot, but only to show a clear way. The ruffians had evidently pushed right on; and at last Dawson pulled out his chart and compass beneath the shade of a rock, and set to and studied it for a while.

"Yes," he said to himself, "this valley ends here, gorges striking off in three directions; then we have to cross an alkali desert due south-east, to strike another range of mountains. That will do, and we can give these fellows the slip."

The heat was frightful, but they toiled on, Larry seeming indefatigable; and at last, about mid-day, they came to where the valley ended in a sort of chaos. Deep gorges, high-pitched rocks, steep escarpments, a regular natural fortification, where an army might have been hid, and the hills fell to the plain, which from where they stood shimmered gray and white in the haze of the sun.

For the last hour the land had trended upward, and now, seeing a spot where he could obtain a good view of the surrounding plain, Dawson adjusted his glass, and began to crawl up to a higher point, when suddenly he felt some one spring upon him, his arms were pinioned to his side, and he and his assailant rolled over and over down some twenty feet of steep slope into a cleft among the rocks.

"You treacherous dog!" he gasped, as loosing himself by a tremendous struggle, he caught Larry by the throat.

"Whisht, Misther Dawson, Sor, an' aise yersilf off me, for it's heavy ye are as lead. Ye'll be breakin' some ov me bones. Arrah, put that shtupid little pishtol away. Didn't ye see as the divils were jist below, an' if I hadn't have pulled ye back they'd have seen ye?"

Dawson stared at his companion, who responded with a broad grin; and then he crept cautiously to the edge of a crag and peered down into a broad rift which seemed to be the way out into the plain; and there were the very men they sought to avoid clustered together not fifty yards below, smoking, drinking, and one group playing with a pack of cards.

They were evidently blockading the sole exit from the valley, feeling sure that they had passed their quarry on the way.

Dawson crept back unobserved, and rejoined Larry.

"I beg your pardon, Larry," he said, frankly holding out his hand.

"Bedad, an' I'd have given it to ye widout yer bemeanin' yersilf to beg, Misther Dawson, Sor. I tuk ye by surprise, an' in return ye've tuk all the shkin off me poor shin. Shall I run an' stop thim at wanst?"

"No; watch here, Larry. Take my rifle. Yes, yes, take it. I can run back better without it."

Larry took the piece with an air of deep disgust.

"You must watch, and if there is any change of position, come and warn us. I'll get them back into a place of safety."

"Run, thin, yer honor; bud, bedad, they're close on us again. Listen!"

There was the faint click heard of a mule's hoof, and far up, along a higher track than they had come, they could see the mule-driver some distance in advance. Evidently from his elevated position he had just caught sight of the men in the ravine, for, running forward, he tied a handkerchief to the end of his mule-staff and began to wave it in the air.

For a moment Dawson seemed paralyzed; then he snatched the rifle from Larry's hand, dropped on one knee, and took a long and careful aim, hesitated, dropped the piece into the hollow of his arm—it was too long a shot.

The next instant he turned to Larry.

"Quick!" he cried; "follow me. The game's up, but we'll die like men."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

In a recent letter from Germany to a London paper some curious gossip is given about Bismarck. The Prince has long been in the habit of retiring to rest after midnight, drinking regularly one or two bottles of Champagne as a sleeping potion. He dotes on a comfortable home, and only in the most rare cases attends balls and assemblies. He likes farces, and all the cartoons and sketches respecting him are carefully collected by his daughter and placed in albums. The more absurd the caricatures are, the more he laughs. He has a great liking for journalists, and they are all fond of him.

—During a recent thunder-storm at Willimantic, Connecticut, two men were putting up a lightning-rod on a new church, when the lightning struck the rod, and one of them, E. B. Clinton, was thrown a distance of twelve feet by the shock. That must have been a lively little touch for Clinton, and came upon him so suddenly, as it were.

—Moung Edwin, who won the first Greek prize at the Commencement of the Columbian University, at Washington, is a converted Karen from Burmah, and will graduate next year. His rank in mathematics is as high as in Greek, while his place is among the first in all his studies, although he is subjected to the great inconvenience of acquiring knowledge through textbooks written in the English language and of reciting in this language, of which he had learned scarcely any thing when he came to college.

—Sir William Tite was a man of many books, and his library, sold last month in London, brought a fraction under $100,000. In the collection was the original MS. of Burns's song "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," which brought $125. Among the MSS. given by Mr. Sumner to Harvard College was one that purported to be the original of the same song.

—In an address recently delivered to certain law students at Madison, Wisconsin, Judge Doolittle said that he who in the name of the profession would stir up strife or encourage litigation for any purpose, and especially to put money in his pocket, is unworthy of it; and there was one name only to describe such a man and such a character, and though newly coined from the mint of slang, completely defines it—it is "shyster."

—Jonathan Walker was made much of at the recent reunion of old Abolitionists at Chicago. He is known as "the man with the branded hand," a mark of distinction which he received for his antislavery principles. In 1843 he was branded in his right hand with two letters, "S. S.," signifying "slave-stealer," by the United States Marshal of Florida. He is now seventy-seven years of age, and lives in Muskegon, Michigan, and but for his poverty would have been in attendance at the reunion. In a moment of enthusiasm the Convention proposed a contribution for him, and a good round sum was raised.

—They punish rogues in Russia, whether royal or ragamuffin. Recently the Grand Duke Nicholas, nephew to the Emperor, was a party to the theft of his mother's diamonds, for which he was tried, convicted, and has been banished for life in the Caucasus. He is the first prince of imperial or royal blood in Europe who has been convicted of grand larceny and sent to punishment.

—When Robert Toombs was in Washington, lately, he was advised by a friend to go and see the President, which he declined, saying, "Oh no; I am not a citizen of this country." Afterward changing his mind, he and his friend went to the Presidential mansion, sent in their cards, and in a moment were told that "the President will see General Toombs and Mr. Perry." On entering the room, General Grant rose to receive them, and General Toombs said, "I am not a citizen of this country, General Grant, but being in town, I have called to pay my respects to you as the ruler of this nation." "Oh, never mind about that, General Toombs," answered Grant; "sit down. I am glad to see you at last, for I hunted very unsuccessfully after you during the war." The interview lasted nearly two hours, and was characterized by the greatest jollity imaginable. At one time the conversation turned on cotton, and General Toombs was amazed to find that the President knew almost as much on that subject as he did. General Grant has been uniformly kind to all Southern people who have sought favors at his hands.

—Sir Stephen Glynne, who died a few days since, was noted among the more cultivated classes in England for a passion imbibed in early youth and continued with ardor throughout life. This passion was for ecclesiastical architecture, and for investigating the details and structure of churches. In pursuit of his favorite occupation he visited, often on horseback, and generally alone, every parish in England, and also traversed no small portion of the sister kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland. His memory within his own orbit was so tenacious that at the mere mention of some little parish church, even in the most out-of-the-way corner of Westmoreland, Cornwall, or some other little-visited shire, he would at once describe the architecture of the fabric, rehearse the name of the incumbent, and add any special details of interest as regards any peculiar features of structure or exceptional monuments that the building or its church-yard contained. Upon matters with which he was not familiar—and as his reading was singularly wide, they were not many in number—he could never be got to express an opinion; but with regard to subjects in which he took interest, his knowledge was so accurate that it became almost a proverb in his own family that when Mr. Gladstone or Lord Lyttelton differed from Sir Stephen Glynne about a fact or a date, it was safe to back the baronet's memory against those of his two illustrious brothers-in-law.

—Deacon Nathaniel Ladd, a fine old boy of eighty-five, and for fifty years clerk of the Congregational church at Groveland, Massachusetts, has just finished copying, in a clear and readable handwriting, the parish records since 1736.

—The Dayton (Ohio) *Journal*, published at the place of Minister Schenck's residence, reiterates its authorized statement that the report of his engagement to be married to Mrs. Hicks is without a particle of foundation.

—Mr. Gladstone is famous for hitting the nail on the head. He recently told some colliery men that if "any workman chooses to work for nothing in the face of a thousand other men, he has as good a right to do so as the thousand have to say what they will work for."

—The gentleman who temporarily drives the Danbury *News* during the absence of Mr. Bailey, who is rolling in luxuries at the castles of the leading nobles of Great Britain, says that "Bells were tolled when the death of Sumner was announced in Danbury, and during the knell a Liberty Street man rushed into the street and wanted to know where the fire was. He was informed that there was no fire. 'Then what's the matter?' 'Sumner is dead.' 'Did he live here?' 'No.' 'Die here?' 'No.' 'Goin' to bury him here?' 'No.' 'Well, what's up?'"

—Late Scottish papers announce the death of John Blackie, the well-known publisher, at the age of ninety-two. Originally he was a weaver by trade, but when still young went into a bookstore, and finally became one of the most celebrated publishers of Great Britain. His house issued a great number of good standard works. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "his relations with his numerous employés were always of the most cordial description, and he formed and cherished warm friendships with a number of the Scottish *littérateurs* and artists of half a century ago, most of whom he survived for a long period." The business of the firm is continued by his sons.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft received, on their retiring from the mission to Prussia, a number of presents of great beauty and value from the members of the Emperor's family.

—A few days since Mr. Thurlow Weed, as we learn from the *Tribune*, while rummaging about some of the old bookstores and print shops of Nassau Street, accidentally fell upon a lithographic portrait of Horace Greeley. It had been taken in the earlier days of the great editor, and though crude, was an excellent likeness. Mr. Weed purchased it at once, and carried it over to the Astor House, where he showed it to his old friend Colonel Charles A. Stetson. After gazing at it for some minutes with so much emotion that the tears came to his eyes and ran down his cheeks, the veteran said, with a broken voice: "That is exactly his look as it was when I knew him thirty years ago. If I had not forgiven him in my heart and asked to be forgiven before he died, I should forget all the differences that have been between us as I look on this sweet, honest, noble face of the man whom I have so sincerely honored and truly loved. That face calls back all the past, and makes me see, as I have never seen before, that a genuine friendship for a good and true man is worth all the empty glory the world can give." Mr. Weed has taken the portrait home, had it handsomely framed, and put in his library. It is one of the things nothing would induce him to part with. He regards it as a treasure, delights in it as a vivid reminiscence of his and Mr. Greeley's long and cordial, eventful and now historic, intimacy and association.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday,	12.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	19.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	25.—St. James.
Sunday,	26.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	2.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	9.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	16.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	23.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	30.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

The victory in the Province of New Brunswick over the Roman Catholic opposition to the common-school system is complete. The issue was distinctly made, and out of an Assembly of forty-one members, thirty-six have been elected as uncompromising advocates and defenders of free, non-sectarian schools. The five members elected who are in favor of separate schools for Roman Catholics are from Gloucester, Kent, and Madawaska; in these counties the priests are said to control the great majority of the people in all things. This decisive triumph is only an indication of what may be expected in our State whenever the same issue is as distinctly made.

The International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations was held this year in Dayton, Ohio, opening on June 25. F. H. Taylor, of Detroit, was chosen president; Manchester (England) was represented by Mr. Hind Smith. Among the topics discussed were, "Open-air Meetings," "Associations in Small Towns," "Association Boarding-Houses," and "The best Mode of reaching by Christian Associations the Commercial and Artisan Classes." The delegates were cordially welcomed by the citizens of Dayton at a public meeting held in the Music-Hall.

In a very remarkable address recently delivered in Geneva Father Hyacinthe has set forth his views of the true principles of Catholic reform. His principles are three: (1) reform and not revolution; (2) respect for traditional doctrine; (3) the admission of disciplinary changes only after mature deliberation. He deprecated the formation of isolated churches, and recommended a union of the Reformed Catholics of Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and Holland. A full adhesion was given by him to the recent declarations of the Old Catholic Synod at Bonn on confession and penance. The questions of confession, a liturgy in the language of the people, and the marriage of priests he would refer to a Swiss Synod.

The address was received with great enthusiasm, and is considered as having placed the Genevese Reformed Catholic Church on a firmer basis than ever before.

Both the Primitive Methodists and the Wesleyans of England report a decided increase of numbers this year. The former now have 164,810 communicants, 1020 itinerant and 14,838 local preachers, 3826 chapels, besides 2571 rented preaching places. The value of church property is returned at £1,500,000, and the number of sittings at 715,829. It is the practice of the Primitive Methodists to hold on the Sunday during the Conference what is called a camp-meeting, but is really an open-air service. On Sunday, the 7th of June, a procession of 5000 persons marched to the market-place of the city of Hull, and thence to an open field, where it is estimated 20,000 persons were gathered. Several simultaneous meetings were held on this ground during the day.

The English Wesleyans report for the year ending May, 1874, 351,686 members—an increase of 3106.

The session of the Irish Presbyterian Assembly, at Belfast, was enlivened with animated debates. Some of the churches had offended by the introduction of instrumental music into their services; these were admonished to do so no more. A total-abstinence resolution was voted down, but one embodying a petition against the adoption by Parliament of the "Government Licensing Bill" was carried by a large majority. On the question of patronage this Assembly took the same ground as the Assembly of the Scotch Free Church. The delegates, while regarding the abolition of patronage as a step toward acknowledging the rights of the Christian people, still considered all legislation as unsatisfactory which failed to recognize the independence of the Church. A committee of correspondence in relation to a Pan-Presbyterian Council was appointed.

The Irish Wesleyan Conference, which began in Dublin the first week in June, reports for the year a healthful progress. There are now in Ireland 307 Wesleyan chapels, accommodating 56,000 persons; five have been added during the year; £10,000 were subscribed for the "Aged Ministers' and Widows' Fund." During the sessions two American ministers, the Rev. M. M. Parkhurst and Rev. W. Spencer, held meetings "after the fashion" of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. They were attended with much the same results.

Mr. Newdegate's motion for the appointment of a commission "to inquire as to monastic and conventual institutions in Great Britain" has been negatived by the House of Commons: 94 members voted for and 237 against it. It was, however, seriously discussed, the House showing no disposition to ridicule the proposal. Mr. Newdegate stated that there are now in England eighty-six monasteries, 268 convents, and twenty Roman Catholic colleges. He contended that they should be made subject to legal inspection. Sir J. Kennaway made two good suggestions: that there should be a compulsory registration of the inmates of conventual establishments; and that the members of them, having abdicated their civil rights, should be made wards in Chancery. This would place their property under legal protection. An Irish Roman Catholic member intimated that there could be no objection to registration. Several speakers referred to the recent repressive legislation enacted by the Continental powers, but its applicability to England was questioned.

A correspondent of an English paper expresses the opinion that while honors are paid to the memory of Bunyan, some mention ought to be had of his heroic wife, who used persistent efforts to procure her husband's release from jail. He says, "Three times she made the attempt, twice to Lord Chief Justice Hale, and nothing could daunt her; she *would* obtain a hearing. This young woman, without a creature to befriend or sustain her, entered the court-room and stood before the judges. She addressed herself with a trembling heart directly to Lord Chief Justice Hale, who wore in his countenance so clearly the lines of that gentleness and goodness for which he was illustrious. How eloquently does she plead on her husband's behalf! 'My lord, I make bold to come once again to your lordship to know what may be done to my husband. He is kept unlawfully in prison. They clapped him up before there were any proclamations against the meetings. He desires to live peaceably, and to follow his calling, that his family may be maintained; and moreover, my lord, I have four small children that can not help themselves, and have nothing to live on but the charity of good people; and because my husband is a tinker and a poor man, therefore he is despised and can not have justice done him. He dare not leave preaching as long as he can speak. He preacheth nothing but the Word of God, who hath owned him and done much good by him.'"

The Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, who is now in Switzerland, writes to the *Congregationalist*, of Boston, that the only question among thoughtful men in Europe is not so much whether the separation of church from state will take place, as when it will be effected. He finds the American idea of the voluntary support of the institutions of Christianity growing with great rapidity.

The Duke of Richmond's bill for the abolition of patronage in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland has passed the House of Lords. The Duke of Argyle's amendment, making the congregation (not the communicants) the elective body in choosing a pastor, was also adopted.

The new ecclesiastical laws of Germany, of which we gave an epitome in this Intelligence a few weeks since, are being applied with great rigor. The archdiocese of Posen and Gnesen (Ledochowski's) has been declared vacant. In the ten days' interval prescribed the chapter have refused to nominate a successor. A commissary appointed by the government has taken possession of the diocesan property, the episcopal palace, and the chapter-house. The diocesan cash seized amounted to 123,000 thalers. The commissary will now administer the diocese. The nominations of priests to parishes made by the archbishop during 1873 being null and void, it now remains for the government to give the election to the congregations. The question to be settled is, Will the congregations accept the privilege?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom who was standing by began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor with, "Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty."

A young gentleman of Terre Haute remarked to his female companion the other evening: "Ah! the most beautiful evening in my recollection. Luna looks peculiarly beautiful." "Was that her just went by?" quickly asked the young lady.

A little boy from Chicago, on going to the sea-side, saw a turtle in the back yard of a hotel, when his astonishment knew no bounds. "Oh, mother! mother!" said the child, "come right away quick! for here's the queerest thing—a great black frog, with a hat on his back, creeping on his knees!"

In a valedictory address an editor wrote, "If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our public career, let him send us a new hat, and we will then forget the past." A cool chap that!

A notorious miser, having heard a very eloquent charity sermon, exclaimed, "This sermon strongly proves the necessity of alms: I have almost a mind to turn beggar."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a humbug?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive that you can discover a man's thoughts by your touch."

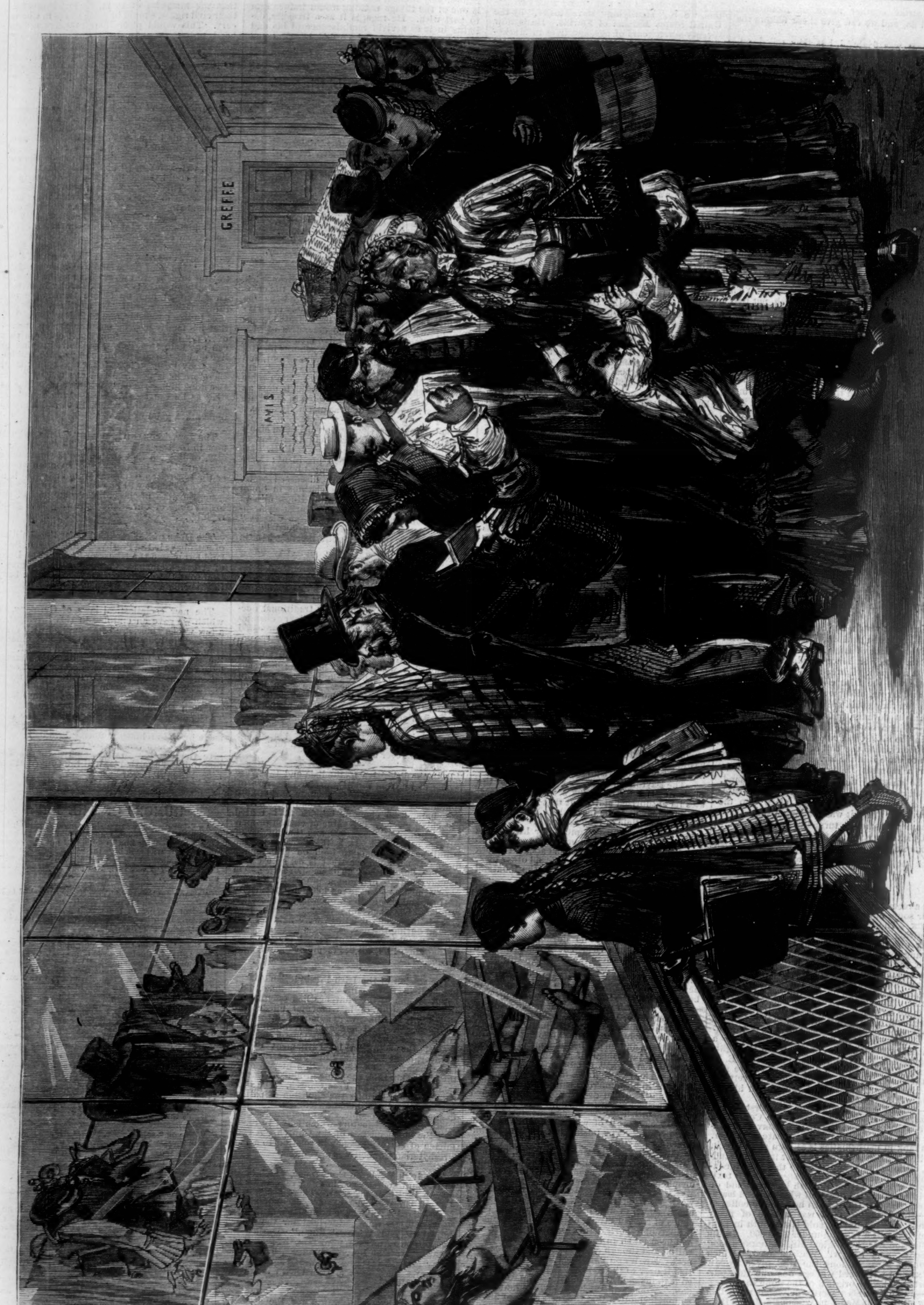
"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day,
"In earnest love me as you say;
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?"
"Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forbear,
For by those eyes, those lips, I swear—"
She stopped me as the oath I took;
And cried, "You've sworn—now kiss the book!"

Lord Braxfield, a Scotch judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, "Ye're a vera clever chiel, mon, but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur o' a hanging."

One of the wooden mitres, carved by Grinly Gibbons over a prebend's stall in the cathedral church of Canterbury, happening to become loose, Jessy White, the surveyor of that edifice, inquired of the dean whether he should make it fast, "for perhaps," said Jessy, "it may fall on your reverence's head." "Well, Jessy," answered the humorous dean, "suppose it does fall on my head, I don't know that *a mitre falling on my head* would hurt it!"

Pope dining once with Frederick, Prince of Wales, paid the prince many compliments. "I wonder, Pope," said the prince, "that you, who are so severe on kings, should be so complaisant to me." "It is," said the wily bard, "because I like the lion before his claws are grown."

An observing man has discovered a similarity between a young ladies' seminary and a sugar-house, as both refine what is already sweet.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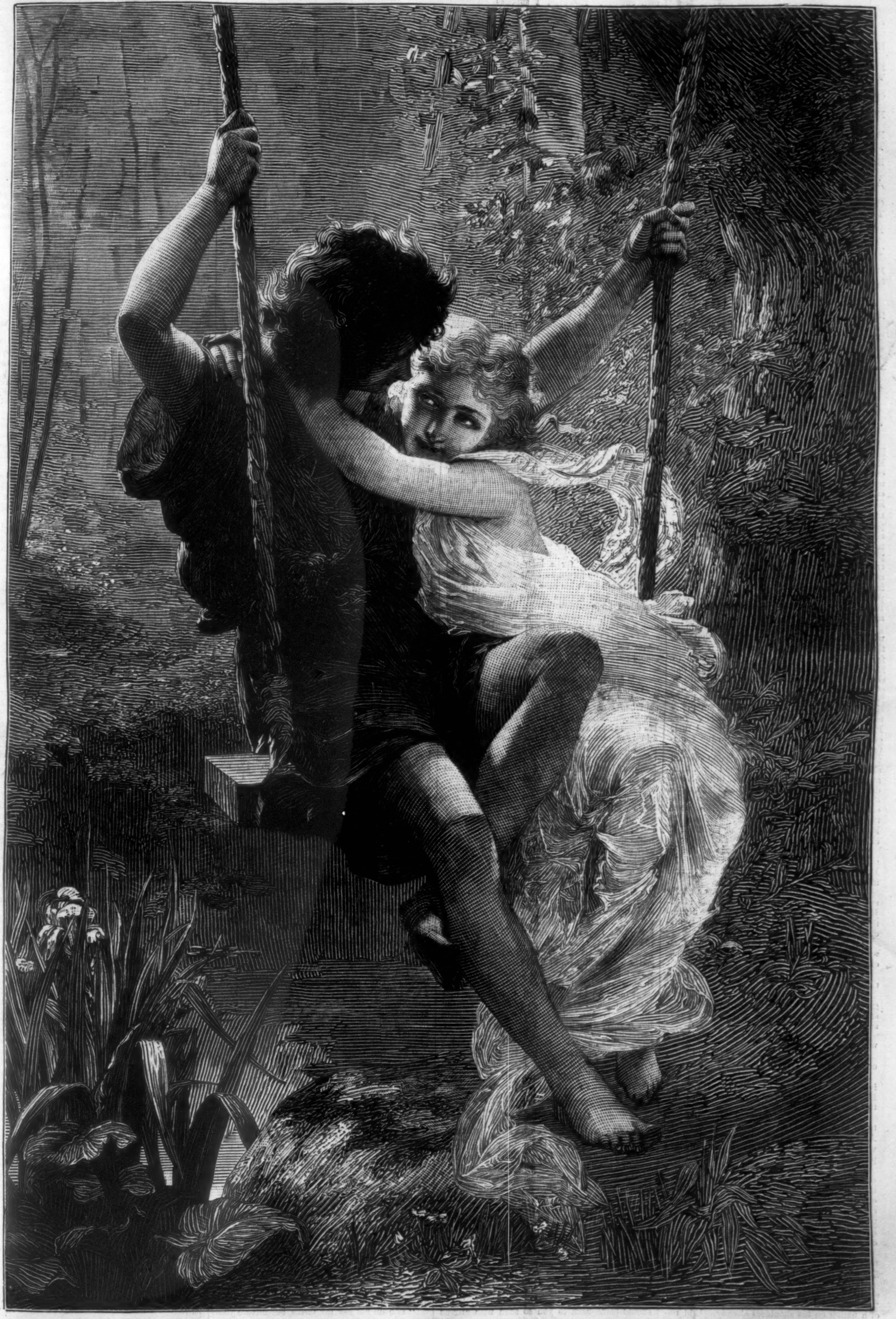
THE MORGUE AT PARIS—THE LAST SCENE OF A TRAGEDY.—[SEE PAGE 606.]



SUNSHINE.

THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

"They say," she thought, with a shy delight,
"There's a charm in the four-leaf clover;
If that be so, I will find that charm,
If I search the whole field over;
For, oh! who knows, if they tell me true,
What a four-leaf clover for me will do!"

So down to the meadow she sped away
To search for the charm there growing,
Nor heeded the sun that kissed her cheek,
Nor the wind her golden hair blowing,
But over the fragrant grass bent low,
To see if the prize hid there or no.

But was it the bird in the old elm-tree
Who flew with the secret laden,
And carried to Somebody near at hand
The news of our little maiden?
Or was it that Somebody wanted too
To see where a four-leaf clover grew?

For soon it happened that *two* heads bent
In search of the wondrous clover,
The while that a pair of dimpled cheeks
Were mantled with blushes over.
But what if their search proved all for naught,
Since, with or without, the spell was wrought!

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THERE IS A HISTORY IN ALL MEN'S LIVES."

Upon his return to London Churchill lost very little time before presenting himself in Cavendish Row. He did not go there on the day of his cousin's funeral. That gloomy ceremonial had unfitted him for social pleasures, above all for commune with so bright a spirit as Madge Bellingham. He felt as if to go to her straight from that place of tombs would be to carry the atmosphere of the grave into her home. The funeral seemed to affect him more than such a solemnity might have been supposed to affect a man of his philosophical temper. But then these quiet, reserved men—men who hold themselves in check, as it were—are sometimes men of deepest feeling. So Mr. Pergament thought as he stood opposite the new master of Penwyn in the vault at Kensal Green, and watched his pallid face, the settled gloom of his brow.

Churchill drove straight back to the Temple, with Mr. Pergament for his companion, that gentleman being anxious to return to New Square for his afternoon letters before going down to his luxurious villa at Beckenham, where he lived sumptuously, or, as his enemies averred, battened, ghoul-like, on the rotten carcasses of the defunct Chancery suits which he had lost. From Kensal Green to Fleet Street seemed an interminable pilgrimage in that gloomy vehicle. Mr. Pergament and his client had exhausted their conversational powers on the way to the cemetery, and now on the return home had but little to say for themselves. It was a blazing summer afternoon—an August day which had slipped unawares into June through an error in the calendar. The mourning coach was like a locomotive oven; the shabby suburban thoroughfares seemed baking under the pitiless sky. Never had the Harrow Road looked dustier, never had the Edgeware Road looked untidier or more out at elbows, than to-day.

"How I detest the ragged fringe of shabby suburbs that hangs round London!" said Mr. Penwyn. It was the first remark he had made after half an hour's thoughtful silence.

His only reply from the solicitor was a gentle snore—a snore which sounded full of placid enjoyment. Perhaps there is nothing more dreamily delightful than a stolen doze on a sultry afternoon, lulled by the movement of wheels.

"How the fellow sleeps!" muttered Mr. Penwyn, almost savagely. "I wish I had the knack of sleeping like that."

It is the curse of these hyperactive intellects to be strangers to rest.

The carriage drew up at one of the Temple gates at last, and Mr. Pergament woke with a start, jerked into the waking world again by that sudden pull up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the lawyer. "I was asleep."

"Didn't you know it?" asked Churchill, rather pettishly.

"Not the least idea. Weather very oppressive. Here we are at your place. Dear me! By-the-way, when do you think of going down to Penwyn?"

"The day after to-morrow. I should like you to go with me and put me in formal possession. And you may as well take the title-deeds down with you. I like to have those things in my own possession. The leases you can of course retain."

Mr. Pergament, hardly quite awake as yet, was somewhat taken aback by this request. The title-deeds of the Penwyn estate had been in the offices of Pergament and Pergament for half a century. This new lord of the manor promised to be sharper even than the old squire, Nicholas Penwyn, who among some ribald tenants of the estate had been known as Old Nick.

"If you wish it, of course—yes—assuredly," said Mr. Pergament; and on this, with a curt good-day from Churchill, they parted.

"How property changes a man!" thought the solicitor, as the coach carried him to New Square. "That young man looks as if he had the cares of a nation on his shoulders already. Odd notion his wanting to keep the title-deeds in his own custody. However, I suppose he won't take his business out of our hands—and, if he should, we can do without it."

* * * * * *

Churchill went up to his chambers, on a third floor. They had a sombre and chilly look in their spotless propriety, even on this warm summer afternoon. The rooms were on the shady side of the way, and saw not the sun after nine o'clock in the morning.

Very neatly kept and furnished were those bachelor apartments, the sitting-room at once office and living-room, the goods and chattels in it perhaps worth five-and-twenty pounds. An ancient and faded Turkey carpet, carefully darned by the deft fingers of a jobbing upholstress whom Churchill sometimes employed to keep things in order; faded green cloth curtains, an old oak knee-hole desk, solid, substantial, shabby, with all the papers upon it neatly assorted; the inkstand stainless, and well supplied; a horse-hair covered arm-chair, high-backed, square, brass-nailed, of a remote era, but comfortable withal; armless chairs of the same period, with an unknown crest emblazoned on their mahogany backs; a battered old book-case, filled with law-books, only one shelf reserved for that lighter literature which soothes the weariness of the student; every object as bright as labor and furniture polish could make it; every thing in its place—a room in which no ancient spinster, skilled in the government of her one domestic, could have discovered ground for a complaint.

Churchill looked round the room with a thoughtful smile—not altogether joyous—as he seated himself in his arm-chair, and opened a neat cigar-box on the table at his side.

"How plain the stamp of poverty shows upon every thing!" he said to himself; "the furniture the mere refuse of an auction-room, furbished and polished into decency; the faded curtains, where there is hardly any color visible, except the neutral tints of decay; the darned carpet—premeditated poverty, as Sheridan calls it: the mark of the beast shows itself on all. And yet I have known some not all unhappy hours in this room; patient nights of study, the fire of ambition, the sunlight of hope; hours in which I deemed that fame and fortune were waiting for me down the long vista of industrious years; hours when I felt myself strong in patience and resolve! I shall think of these rooms sometimes in my new life—dream of them perhaps—fancy myself back again."

He sat musing for a long time, so lost in thought that he forgot to light the cigar which he had taken from his case just now. He woke from that long reverie with a sigh, gave his shoulders an impatient shrug, as if he would have shaken off ideas that troubled him, and took a volume at random from a neat little book-stand on his table, where about half a dozen favorite volumes stood ranged, all of the cynical school—Rabelais, Sterne, Goethe's *Faust*, Voltaire—not books that make a man better, if one excepts Goethe, whose master-work is the gospel of a great teacher. Under that outer husk of bitterness, how much sweetness! With that cynicism, what depth of tenderness!

Churchill's hand lighted unawares upon *Faust*. He opened the volume at that mightiest drama, and read on—read until the wearied student stood before him, tempting destiny with his discontent—read until the book dropped from his hand, and he sat, fixed as a statue, staring at the ground, in a gloomy reverie.

"After all, discontent is your true tempter—the fiend whose whisper forever assails man's ear. Who could be wiser than Faust, and yet how easy a dupe! Well, I have my Margaret, at least; and neither man nor any evil spirit that walks the earth in shape impalpable to man shall ever come between us two."

Churchill lighted his cigar, and left his quiet room, which seemed to him just now to be unpleasantly occupied by that uncanny poodle which the German doctor brought home with him. He went to the Temple Gardens, and walked up and down by the cool river, over which the mists of evening were gently creeping, like a veil of faintest gray. It was before the days of the embankment, and the Templars still possessed their peaceful walk on the brink of the river.

Here Churchill walked till late, thinking—always thinking: property has so many cares—and then, when other people were meditating supper, went out into Fleet Street to a restaurant that was just about closing, and ordered his tardy dinner. Even when it came, he seemed to have but a sorry appetite, and only took his pint of claret with relish. He was looking forward eagerly to the morrow, when he should see Madge Bellingham, and verily begin his new life. Hitherto he had known only the disagreeables of his position—the inquest, the funeral. To-morrow he was to taste the sweets of prosperity.

CHAPTER XVII.

"DEATH COULD NOT SEVER MY SOUL AND YOU."

Churchill Penwyn lost little of that morrow to which he had looked forward so eagerly. He was in Cavendish Row at eleven o'clock, in the pretty drawing-room, among brightly bound books and music and flowers, surrounded by color, life, and sunshine, and with Madge Bellingham in his arms.

For the first few moments neither of them could speak; they stood silent, the girl's dark head upon her lover's breast, her cheek pale with deepest feeling, his strong arms encircling her.

"My own dear love," he murmured, after a kiss that brought the warm blood back to that pale cheek. "My very own at last! Who would have thought when we parted that I should come back to you so soon with altered fortunes?"

"So strangely soon!" said Madge. "Oh, Churchill, there is something awful in it."

"Destiny is always awful, dearest. She is that goddess who ever was and ever will be, and whose veil no man's hand has ever lifted. We are blind worshipers in her temple, and must take the lots she deals from her inscrutable hand. We are among her favored children, dearest, for she has given us happiness."

"I refused to be your wife, Churchill, because you were poor. Can you quite forgive that? Must I not seem to you selfish and mercenary, almost contemptible, if I accept you now?"

"My beloved, you are truth itself. Be as nobly frank to-day as you were that day I promised to win fame and fortune for your sake. Fortune has come without labor of mine. It shall go hard with me if fame does not follow in the future. Only tell me once more that you love me, that you rejoice in my good fortune, and will share it and—bless it."

He made a little pause before the last two words, as if some passing thought had troubled him.

"You know that I love you, Churchill," she answered, shyly. "I could not keep that secret from you the other day, though I would have given so much to hide the truth."

"And you will be my wife, darling, the fair young mistress of Penwyn?"

"By-and-by, Churchill. It seems almost wrong to talk of our marriage yet awhile. That poor young fellow, your cousin—he may have been asking some happy girl to share his fortune and his home—to be mistress of Penwyn—only a little while ago."

"Very sad," said Churchill, "but the natural law. You remember what the father of poets has said, 'The race of man is like the leaves on the trees.'"

"Yes, Churchill, but the leaves fall in their season. This poor young fellow has been snatched away in the blossom of his youth—and by a murderer's hand."

"I have heard a good deal of that sort of talk since his death," remarked Mr. Penwyn, with a cloudy look. "I thought you would have a warmer greeting for me than lamentations about my cousin. But for his death I should not have the right to hold you in my arms, to claim you for my wife. You rejected me on account of my poverty, yet you bewail the event that has made me rich."

Miss Bellingham withdrew herself from her lover's arms with an offended look.

"I would rather have waited for you ten years than that fortune should have come to you under such painful circumstances," she said.

"Yes, you think so, I dare say. But I know what a woman's waiting generally comes to—above all, when she is one of the most beautiful women in London. Madge, don't sting me with cold words or cold looks. You do not know how I have yearned for this hour."

She had seated herself by one of the little tables, and was idly turning the leaves of an ivory-bound volume. Churchill knelt down beside her, and took the white ringed hand away from the book, and covered it with kisses, and put his arm round her as she sat, leaning his head against her shoulder, as if he had found rest there after long weariness.

"Have some compassion upon me, darling," he pleaded. "Pity nerves that have been strained, a mind that has been overtaxed. Do not think that I have not felt this business. I have felt it, God alone knows how intensely. But I come here for happiness. Time enough for troublous thoughts when you and I are apart. Here I would remember nothing—know nothing but the joy of being with you, to touch your hand, to hear your voice, to look into those deep dark eyes."

There was nothing but love in the eyes that met his gaze now—love unquestioning and unmeasured.

"Dearest, I will never speak of your cousin again, if it pains you," Madge said, earnestly. "I ought to have been more considerate."

She pushed back a loose lock from the spacious forehead, where the hair grew sparsely, with a gentle caressing hand—timidly, for it was the first time she had touched her lover's brow, and there was something of a wife's tenderness in the action.

"Churchill," she exclaimed, "your forehead burns as if you were in a fever. You are not ill, I hope?"

"No, dear, not ill. But I have been over-anxious, overexcited, perhaps. I am calm now, happy now, Madge. When shall I speak to your father? I want to feel myself your acknowledged lover."

"You can speak to papa whenever you like, Churchill. He came home last night from Newmarket. I know he will be glad to see you either here or at his club."

"And our marriage, Madge, how soon shall that be?"

"Oh, Churchill, you can not wish it to be soon after—"

"But I do wish it to be soon—as soon as it may be with decency. I am not going to pretend exaggerated grief for the death of a kinsman of whom I hardly knew any thing. I am not going to sit in sackcloth and ashes because I have inherited an estate I never expected to own, in order that the world may look on approvingly, and say, 'What fine feelings! what tenderness of heart!' Society offers a premium for hypocrisy. No, Madge, I will wear crape on my hat for just three months, and wait just three months for the crowning happiness of my life, and then we will be married as quietly as you please, and slip away by some untrodden track to a Paradise of our own, some one fair scene among the many lovely spots of earth which has not yet come into fashion for honey-moons."

"You do not ask my terms, but dictate your own," said Madge, smiling.

"Dear love, are we not one in heart and hope from this hour, and must we not have the same wishes, the same thoughts?"

"You have no trousseau to think about, Churchill."

"No; a man hardly considers matrimony an occasion for laying in an unlimited stock of clothes, though I may indulge in a new suit or two in honor of my promotion. Seriously, dearest, do not trouble yourself to provide a mountain of millinery. Mrs. Penwyn shall have an open account with as many milliners and silk mercers as she pleases."

"You may be sure that I shall not have too expensive a trousseau, and that I shall not run into debt," said Madge, blushing.

And so it was settled between them that they were to be married before the end of September, in time to begin their new life in some romantic corner of Italy, and to establish themselves at Penwyn before Christmas and the hunting season. Churchill had boasted friends innumerable as a penniless barrister; and this circle was hardly likely to become contracted by the change in his fortunes. Every body would want to visit him during that first winter at Penwyn.

The lovers sat together for hours, talking of their future, opening their hearts to each other, as they had never dared to do before that day. They sat, hand clasped in hand, on that very sofa which Lady Cheshunt's portly form had occupied when she read Madge her lecture.

Viola was out riding with some good-natured friends who had a large stable, and gave the Misses Bellingham a mount as often as they chose to accept that favor; it was much too early for callers; Sir Nugent never came up stairs in the morning; so Madge and her lover had the cool, shadowy rooms to themselves, and sat amidst the perfume of flowers, talking of their happy life to come. All the small-talk of days gone by—those many conversations at evening parties, flower-shows, picture-galleries—seemed as nothing compared with these hours of earnest talk; heart to heart, soul to soul, on one side, at least, without a thought of reserve.

Time flew on his swiftest wing for these two. Madge started up with a little cry of surprise when Viola dashed into the room, looking like a lovely piece of wax-work in a riding-habit and chimney-pot hat.

"Oh, Madge, we have had such a round: Ealing, Willesden, Hendon, and home by Finchley. I beg your pardon, Mr. Penwyn, I didn't see you till this moment. This room is so dark after the blazing sunshine. Aren't you coming down to luncheon? The bell rang half an hour ago, and poor Rickson looks the picture of gloom. I dare say he wants to clear the table and compose himself for his afternoon siesta."

Madge blushed, conscious of having been too deep in bliss for life's common sounds to penetrate her Paradise—in a region where luncheon bells are not.

"You'll stay to luncheon, Churchill, won't you?" she said; and Viola knew it was all settled.

Miss Bellingham would not have called a gentleman by his Christian name unless she had been engaged to be married to him.

Viola got hold of her sister's hand as they went down stairs, and squeezed it tremendously.

"I shall sit down to luncheon in my habit," she said, "if you don't mind, for I'm absolutely famishing."

That luncheon was the pleasantest meal Churchill Penwyn had eaten for a long time. Not an aldermanic banquet by any means, for Sir Nugent seldom lunched at home, and the young ladies fared but simply in his absence. There was a cold chicken left from yesterday's dinner, minus the liver wing, a tongue, also cut, a salad, a jar of apricot jam, some dainty little loaves from a German bakery, and a small glass dish of Roquefort cheese. The wines were vin ordinaire and sherry.

The three sat a long time over this simple feast, still talking of their future—the future which Viola was to share with the married people.

"Have you ever seen Penwyn Manor?" she asked, after having declared her acceptance of the destiny that had been arranged for her.

"Never," answered Churchill. "It was always a sore subject with my father. His father had not treated him well, you see; he married when he was little more than a boy, and was supposed to have married badly, though my mother was as good a woman as ever bore the name of Penwyn. My grandfather chose to take offense at the marriage, and my father resented the slight put upon his wife so deeply that he never crossed the threshold of Penwyn Manor-house again. Thus it happened that I was brought up with very little knowledge of my kindred, or the birth-place of my ancestors. I have often thought of going down to Cornwall to have a look at the old place, without letting any body know who I was; but I have been too busy to put the idea into execution."

"How different you will feel going there as master!" said Viola.

"Yes, it will be a more agreeable sensation, no doubt."

It was between three and four o'clock when Churchill left that snug little dining-room to go down to Sir Nugent's club in St. James's Street, in the hope of seeing that gentleman and making all things straight without delay.

"Come back to afternoon tea, if you can," said Viola, who appeared particularly friendly to her future brother-in-law.

"If possible, my dear Viola. I may call you Viola, I suppose, now?"

"Of course—are we not brother and sister henceforward?"

"Well, dear, have you been trying to like him?" asked Madge, when her lover had departed.

"Yes, and I found it quite easy, you darling

Madge. He seemed to me much nicer to-day. Perhaps it was because I could see how he worships you. I never saw two people so intensely devoted. Prosperity suits him wonderfully; though that cloudy look which I have often noticed in him still comes over his face by fits and starts."

"He feels his cousin's awful death very deeply."

"Does he? That's very good of him, when he profits so largely by the calamity. Well, dearest, I mean to like him very much, to be as fond of him as if he really were my brother."

"And he will be all that a brother could be to you, dear."

"I don't quite know that I should care about that," returned Viola, doubtfully: "brothers are sometimes nuisances. A brother-in-law would be more likely to be on his good behavior for fear of offending his wife."

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Churchill succeeded in lighting upon Sir Nugent at his club. He was yawning behind an evening paper in the reading-room when Mr. Penwyn found him. His greeting was just a shade more cordial than it had always been, but only a shade, for it was Sir Nugent's rule to be civil to every body. "One never knew when a man might get a step," he said; and in a world largely composed of younger sons and heirs-presumptive this was a golden rule.

Sir Nugent expressed himself profoundly sympathetic upon the subject of James Penwyn's death. He was perfectly aware of Churchill's business with him that afternoon, but affected the most Arcadian innocence.

Happily Churchill came speedily to the point.

"Sir Nugent," he began, gravely, "while I was a struggling man I felt it would be at once presumption and folly to aspire to your daughter's hand, but to be her husband has been my secret hope ever since I first knew her. My cousin's death has made a total change in my fortune."

"Of course, my dear fellow. It has transformed you from a briefless barrister into a prosperous country gentleman. Pardon me if I remark that I might look higher for my eldest daughter than that. Madge is a woman in a thousand. If it had been her sister, now—a good little thing, and uncommonly pretty—but I have no lofty aspirations for her."

"Unhappily for your ambitious dreams, Sir Nugent, Madge is the lady of my choice, and we love each other. I do not think you ought to object to my present position; the Penwyn estate is worth six thousand a year."

"Not bad," said the baronet, blandly, "for a commoner. But Madge could win a coronet if she chose, and I confess that I have looked forward to seeing her take her place in the peerage. However, if she really likes you, and has made up her mind about it, any objections of mine would be useless, no doubt; and as far as personal feeling goes, there is no one I should like better for a son-in-law than yourself."

The two gentlemen shook hands upon this, and Sir Nugent felt that he had not let his handsome daughter go too cheap, and had paved the way for a liberal settlement. He asked his future son-in-law to dinner, and Churchill, who would not have foregone that promised afternoon tea for worlds, chartered the swiftest hansom he could find, drove back to Cavendish Row, spent an hour with the two girls and a little bevy of feminine droppers-in, then drove to the Temple to dress, and re-appeared at Sir Nugent's street door just as the neighboring clocks chimed the first stroke of eight.

"Bless the young man, how he do come backward and forward since he's come into his estates!" said the butler, who had read all about James Penwyn's death in the papers. "I always suspected that he had a sneaking kindness for our eldest young lady, and now it's clear they're going to keep company. If he's coming in and out like this every day, I hope he'll have consideration enough to make it worth my while to open the door for him."

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"I hope you are not angry with me, papa," said Madge, by-and-by, after her lover had bidden them good-night and departed, and when father and daughter were alone together.

"Angry with you! no, my love, but just a trifle disappointed. This seems to me quite a poor match for a girl with your advantages."

"Oh, papa, Churchill has six thousand a year: and think of our income."

"My love, that is not the question in point. What I have to think of is the match you might have made had it not been for this unlucky infatuation. There is Mr. Ballcroft, with his palace in Belgravia, a picture-gallery worth a quarter of a million, and a superb place at Windermere—"

"A man who drops his h's, papa—complains of being 'ot!"

"Or Sir Henry Flittergilt, one of the oldest families in Yorkshire, with twelve thousand a year."

"And not an idea which he has not learned from his trainer or his jockey. Oh, papa, don't forget Tennyson's noble line,

"'Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool.'"

"All very well for poets to write that sort of stuff, but a man in my position doesn't like to see his daughter throw away her chances. However, I suppose I mustn't complain. Penwyn Manor is a nice enough place, I dare say."

"You must come to stay with me, papa, every year."

"My love, that kind of place would be the death of me, except for a week in October. I suppose there are plenty of pheasants?"

"I dare say, papa. If not we'll order some."

"Well, it might have been worse," sighed Sir Nugent.

"You'll let Viola live with me when I am married, papa, won't you?" pleaded Madge, coaxingly, as if she were asking a tremendous favor.

"My dear child, with all my heart," replied her father, with amiable promptitude. "Where could she be so well off? In that case I shall give up housekeeping as soon as you are married. This house has always been a plague to me—taxes, repairs, no end of worry. I used to pay a hundred and fifty pounds a year for my rooms in Jermyn Street, and the business was settled. Bless you, my darling! You have always been a comfort to your poor old father."

And thus blandly, with an air of self-sacrifice, did Sir Nugent Bellingham wash his hands of his two daughters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE report of the explorations of Professor POWELL in the cañons of the Colorado River impresses one with the very careful manner in which he has attempted to carry out the work undertaken by him. Although only small portable instruments have necessarily been used, it would seem that results of a very high degree of approximation, not to say accuracy, will be attained. To a geodesist the most interesting portion of his report details the method of surveying the district of the Grand Cañon. A base-line was measured with wooden rods leveled on trestles, and aligned by means of a transit-instrument between the extremities of the line. The latitude and longitude of the northern extremity of the base-line were accurately determined. Three rods were used, always remaining in position, as protection against accidental movement. The base-line was found to be 48,100 feet in length, and, starting from its extremities, a system of triangles was expanded so as to embrace all the country immediately inclosing the Colorado River. The angles of these triangles were measured with a seven-inch theodolite. Their sides were often twenty-five to thirty miles long, and occasionally much longer. Six of the more distant points in these triangles were occupied as astronomical stations, and, based on this primary triangulation, a vast net-work of secondary triangles was constructed. The second summer of work in this region was occupied by descending through the cañons in boats, and fixing the course of the river and the topographical features of the walls of the cañon, in which latter work the compass, gradienter, and barometer were in continual requisition. An area of about 45,000 square miles has been already surveyed by Professor POWELL's parties, more than half of this region being accurately and minutely mapped, while in the remaining portion the work is something less accurate, but still far surpasses what is ordinarily known as a preliminary reconnaissance. The plan pursued by Professor POWELL of retaining the Indian names of mountain chains and peaks whenever those names have already been adopted by the white settlers in their neighborhood seems to us eminently commendable.

The black bass continues to find favor in the eyes of our English cousins, Mr. PARNABY, the well-known English fish-culturist, having just made another of his periodical trips to this country to secure specimens, arriving by the *China* of May 25, and returning by the same vessel on the 30th. He brought with him specimens of the golden tench (*Idus melanotus*, var. *auratus*), a fish of Central Europe, now attracting much attention on account of its beauty. These were presented by him to Dr. J. H. SLACK, of Bloomsbury, New Jersey.

The interest which has during the past few years increased so rapidly in reference to maritime meteorology gives additional value to the sixth annual report of the North German Nautical Institute, by the well-known *Seewarte* at Hamburg. The steady development which this institution has experienced under the energetic directorship of VON FREEDEN is manifested in the engagement of almost twice the former number of persons upon the works that it has undertaken, and the director states that the publication of the weather charts of the North Atlantic will be possibly achieved within two years; that, in fact, the small means at his disposal has required that too large a proportional amount of labor should be given to the current work of the office, and that the mass of material now on hand already surpasses his ability to reduce it into a form proper for publication. He, in fact, anticipates that when all the observations have been entered upon the charts, he will be able to designate the details of the weather for each square of one degree in latitude and longitude with a minuteness that has not as yet been attempted by the charts in current use. Full attention will be given to the winds, the temperatures, and the currents, the tracks of vessels, and sailing directions for the various routes of the North Atlantic Ocean. Of the forty-eight sheets that will comprise the entire chart, four sets of charts have already been sent to press, and the whole will cover the belt of the Atlantic Ocean between the longitude of Greenwich and 100° west, and from the equator to 60° north. The winds and currents as published by him are taken only from the records of sailing vessels; the temperature of the water from the records of all classes of vessels. He cites it as a satisfactory demonstration that the German navigators employ the most rational methods in the conduct of their vessels, that on all the seas and in all the voyages the German ships have, on the average, excelled their companions in rapidity. The Hamburg Institute receives storm warning dispatches from the Meteorological Office in London, and displays storm signals similar to those in use throughout Great Britain.

Much interest has been excited among zoologists by the remarkable discoveries made within the past few years by the Abbé DAVID in the district of Maupin, a portion of China in the "Yungling Mountains," which separate China proper from Thibet. His labors have been continued from 1868 to the present time, and the results have been published by the professors in the Museum of Natural History in Paris in their well-known *Archives*. The region itself is not very extensive, although characterized by a great variety of altitudes, which range from seven to fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. No less than 110 species of mammals were collected in ten months' residence by the Abbé DAVID, of which about forty were new to science, and some of them of a most remarkable character. Among these may be especially mentioned a new species of monkey, covered with dense hair, and having a turned-up nose, which inhabits the highest forests, adjoining the snow. The existence of two or three other species of monkey was also ascertained.

Among the insectivora were many new species of some types and new genera, others belonging to those already known.

Of rodents there were thirty-six species, including the *Lagomys*. Among the carnivora was a new form of Æluropus, a large bear-like animal with snow-white fur, and called by the Chinese white bear.

The second series of the superb work on the butterflies of North America, by Mr. WILLIAM H. EDWARDS, has just been commenced with the appearance of Part I., and with the promise of even greater beauty and excellence than the one recently closed. It embraces five plates of species of Papilio, Anthocoris, Argynnis, Libythea, and Chionobas, most of which were first described by Mr. EDWARDS himself, some of them for the first time in this work.

The illustrations, as in the preceding series, were drawn by Miss MARY PEART, who has made a specialty of this branch of art, and colored at the establishment of Mrs. BOWEN, of Philadelphia. The work bears the imprint of HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.

A bone cavern has lately been discovered in Poland, near Wieruskow, and named the Mammoth Cave, in allusion to the number of bones of the European mammoth which it has yielded. It has also furnished a large number of stone implements, the materials for their construction having been obtained from siliceous nodules in the neighboring oolitic rocks.

The exploration of the Libyan Desert under GERARD ROHLFS has been completed, and on the 17th of April the intrepid commander presented a narrative of his adventures to the Egyptian Institute at Cairo. The great object of the expedition, the oasis of Kufarah, was not reached, as they were impeded by an interminable chain of sand-hills, which the high winds kept shifting so as greatly to endanger their lives. As it was, they lost sixty camels. They then turned toward the north, and after touching at the great oasis of Dachel they passed to that of Siwah, farther to the west. A large number of photographs were obtained, showing, among others, the beautiful temple in the oasis of Dachel, with wonderfully preserved hieroglyphics.

The first annual report of the Meteorological Office of the Argentine Confederacy, as recently delivered, has just been received, and from it we perceive that the director, Dr. B. A. GOULD, who is also astronomer of the Confederacy, has endeavored to combine both scientific and utilitarian objects in this new enterprise. His first aim, he states, has been to enlist the physician, the agriculturist, the landed proprietor, and the navigator in the acquisition of thoroughly trustworthy and complete observations, and in those special inquiries which appear most essentially to pertain to each class of observers. The acquisition of new standard instruments has been attended with great and unexpected delays, but considerable success has been achieved in the collection of old meteorological records extending over very considerable periods of time. The larger part of the outfit of the observing stations has been ordered from NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA, of London, while aneroid barometers are expected from GOLDSCHMIDT, of Zurich. The tables printed by the Smithsonian Institution have been adopted in the reduction of the observations. Among the special results we may mention the mean temperature at Cordova for the year, which has been 61.7° F.; the mean barometric pressure, 28.465 inches. The entire range in barometric pressure has been only 1.1 inches. The driest month has been that of October, 1873, while the greatest average relative humidity occurred in February. The total rainfall at the observatory is 32.4 inches, being apparently very slightly less than fell in the adjacent city. Similar means are also given for Bahia Blanca and for Buenos Ayres. Frequent reference is made in Dr. GOULD's report to the character of the work of the United States Army Signal Corps, with which body his meteorological Office is in frequent correspondence.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

JUNE took her departure amidst such a blast of furnace heat as she has not sent forth in years. On the 29th of the month the mercury found itself above one hundred degrees, and the community suffered severely. Fans were useless, for the air was scorching; ice-water afforded small relief; and, in fact, most private households found that their ice had "given out" before night-fall. Therefore a refreshing breeze that sprung up toward evening was hailed as a special blessing. The coolest thing that came to us during the day was a letter from a friend who had taken his family from the city heat of the previous week to Sunapee Lake, among the mountainous regions of New Hampshire. "We arrived here," he wrote, "about one o'clock yesterday, and were very glad to find a *good fire* in our room." Again, he makes mention of "shivering" in the morning. Now "shivering" in itself is not ordinarily agreeable. Yet the thought of it sends a pleasant though almost imperceptible thrill over one when the thermometer stands at 101 degrees. It is of no use to think and talk and fret about the heat. The only comfortable way, when days and nights become intensely hot, is to keep as quiet in body and mind as circumstances will permit, and to think of cooling things and places.

The new Capitol building at Hartford, with all the improvements connected with it, will cost over $2,300,000. Of this sum the State has appropriated $1,000,000, and Hartford has contributed $500,000.

Reports have been circulated that the Croton Aqueduct is seriously out of repair; that leaks are numerous, and the people in the vicinity alarmed lest, in some unexpected moment, a deluge should overwhelm them. It was even stated that so great was the leakage that people inserted tin leaders in the walls, by which means they collected water for domestic purposes. This incipient alarm has caused the Chief Engineer of the Croton Water-Works to have the aqueduct examined, and he assures us that the fears expressed are entirely groundless.

"Plastilin," a new material for modeling, has been adopted for figures and ornaments in the modeling school of Genoa, as well as by many Italian sculptors. It is said greatly to facilitate the process of modeling.

Constantinople has adopted some decisive steps to promote the morality of the city. All public or secret gambling in cafés or other places in any part of the capital is forbidden. Husin Pasha, Minister of Police, has just issued an order under which all theatres, cafés chantants, cafés, and places of a like nature in Pera and other parts of Constantinople must in future be closed at midnight. Any establishment keeping open after that hour will be compulsorily closed by the police, and its proprietor subjected to a heavy fine.

Common report places the number of mad dogs killed during June in New York and vicinity at thirty.

From poverty to riches a New Bedford widow has suddenly stepped. During the past winter she has been in very straitened circumstances, having a sick child who required much attention. Indeed, only with the help of neighbors has she managed to get along. But recently an advertisement appeared in a New York paper of an estate left her by her grandfather, which, on investigation, proved to be worth about $100,000. She had married a poor man against the wishes of most of her friends, and when she became widowed they left her to her fate. She finds now that all her friends are very kind!

There are now sixteen American officers in the employ of the Viceroy of Egypt. One of them is Major Prout, a talented American engineer, to whom is assigned the important duty of making a survey of the Delta of the Nile, running his base-line east and west through the centre of the great Pyramid.

"Baggage smashers" are informed that the man who had all his trunks destroyed last season has had five new ones made to order, each supplied with a compartment containing five pounds of nitro-glycerine. He proposes to travel from Maine to Texas.

A new variety of coffee has been discovered at Botacuto, in San Paulo. It is said to be much richer in cafeine than the common descriptions.

A foreign paper says that the cure for hydrophobia is for any person who has been bitten by a mad dog to get himself immediately bitten by a viper, the antagonism between the virus of the animal and the reptile securing the patient from the ill effects of either bite. This discovery was, it seems, made by Dr. Jitzki. If a viper is not at hand, we die. Bottled viper sting should therefore be sold.

The number of steel pens made in Birmingham every week is about 98,000 gross, or 14,112,000 separate pens. The making of every gross requires that 144 pieces of steel should go through at least twelve processes in the course of manufacture.

A Jewish journal has made the interesting discovery that the present fashion of ladies' costume is almost exactly what it was in the days of King Solomon. And what a bill for dry-goods and dress-making must the "wise man" have had to pay, with his seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, to be sure!

In the new university at Newburyport all the students acquiring any special tongue are to be domiciled as boarders with a family speaking that as their native language; and all foreign professors are to be natives of the countries to which their particular languages belong.

The public are informed that drivers of the Lake George stages have a fresh supply of startling stories committed to memory for the benefit of passengers during the summer months.

Connected with the Boston Institute of Technology is the "Practical School of Design," in which are thirty pupils. Several of the older pupils have been engaged for excellent positions when they shall have graduated.

Since no more humane method of killing dogs at the pound can be discovered by science, why not return to the old and simple one of drowning? The public would then at least be spared a daily recital of varied horrors.

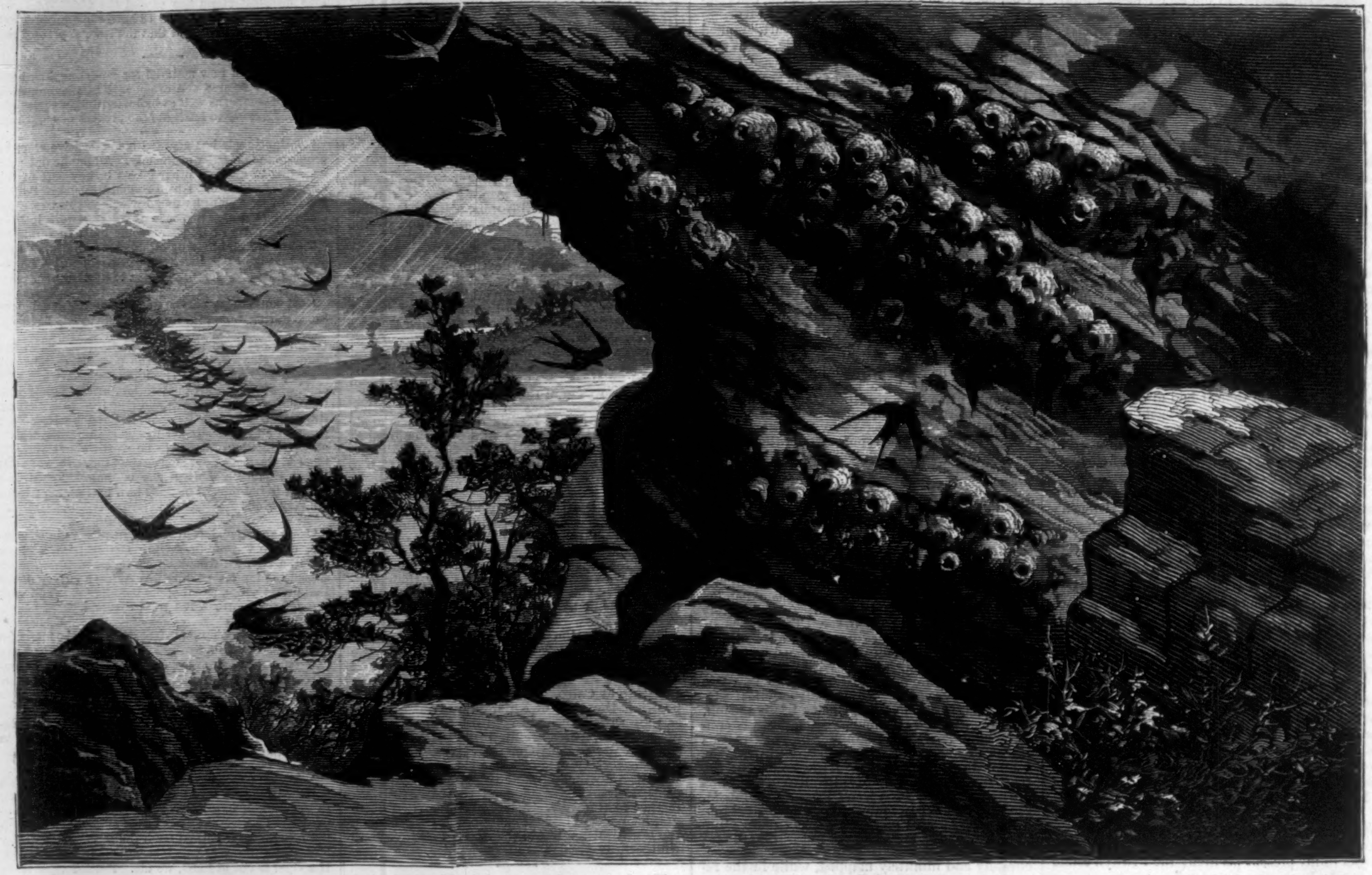
Queen Victoria has had twenty-five grandchildren. The Princess Imperial of Prussia has had four sons and four daughters (one son has died); the Princess Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, two sons and five daughters (one son has died); the Princess Christian, two sons and two daughters; and the Prince of Wales, three sons and three daughters (one son has died).

A young country girl of Bethel, Pennsylvania, is making for herself a pretty little fortune by raising poultry. Last year she cleared $330, after paying all expenses, and this year she expects to do better yet.

At the recent reunion of the alumni of West Point it was voted unanimously that all living graduates of the Academy, both from the South and North, be invited to join in the anniversary dinner next year, on the 17th of June.

About the end of August next it is expected that the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia will marry the Princess Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. It has always been the usage for foreign princesses allied by marriage with the imperial house of Russia to enter the Greek Church, but the Princess Marie will probably be allowed to continue in the exercise of her own religion.

A Southern paper goes into ecstasies over a young lady who recently went into a Georgia city from an adjoining county with eggs, butter, and chickens for sale. After giving a graphic description of her beauty and simple attire, the writer remarks that "she stood in the majestic beauty of a created intelligence that would not yield to the despotic dictates of frivolous fashion. The young men crowded around her wagon with curiosity in their eyes and admiration in their hearts; the old men wept for joy that there was one who had not bowed to Baal. She sold her country produce, went home, milked the cows, cooked supper for ten farm laborers, and went to church that night with her sweetheart."



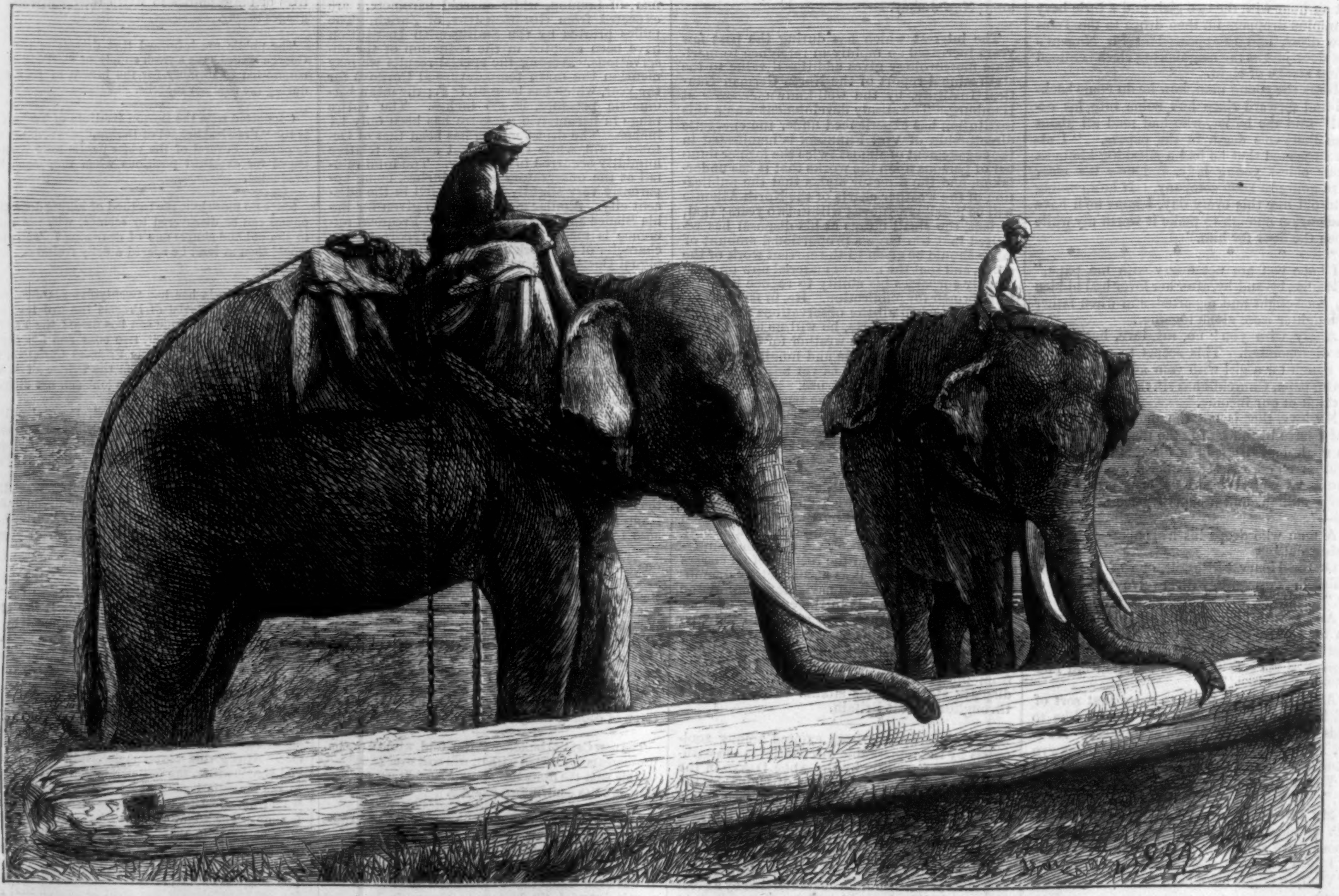
A BIRD COLONY ON LAKE ST. MARY.—[Drawn by Frenzeny and Tavernier.]

A BIRD COLONY.

Lake St. Mary, on the shore of which may be found the aerial colony of which we give a sketch on this page, is situated in Este's Park, and is one of the most picturesque and romantic sheets of water in the region of the Rocky Mountains. No other lake, it is said, is so haunted by swallows as this. Myriads and myriads of these lively and graceful birds make it their home, and all the cliffs and rocks that girdle the lake are covered with their nests. These are so constructed as to be sheltered from wind and rain, and quite out of the reach of other kinds of mischief. Nothing can be prettier than the sight of these thousands of graceful swallows, now skimming over the surface of the water, now soaring into the heavens, or twittering and fluttering about their clustered nests.

BURMESE ELEPHANTS.

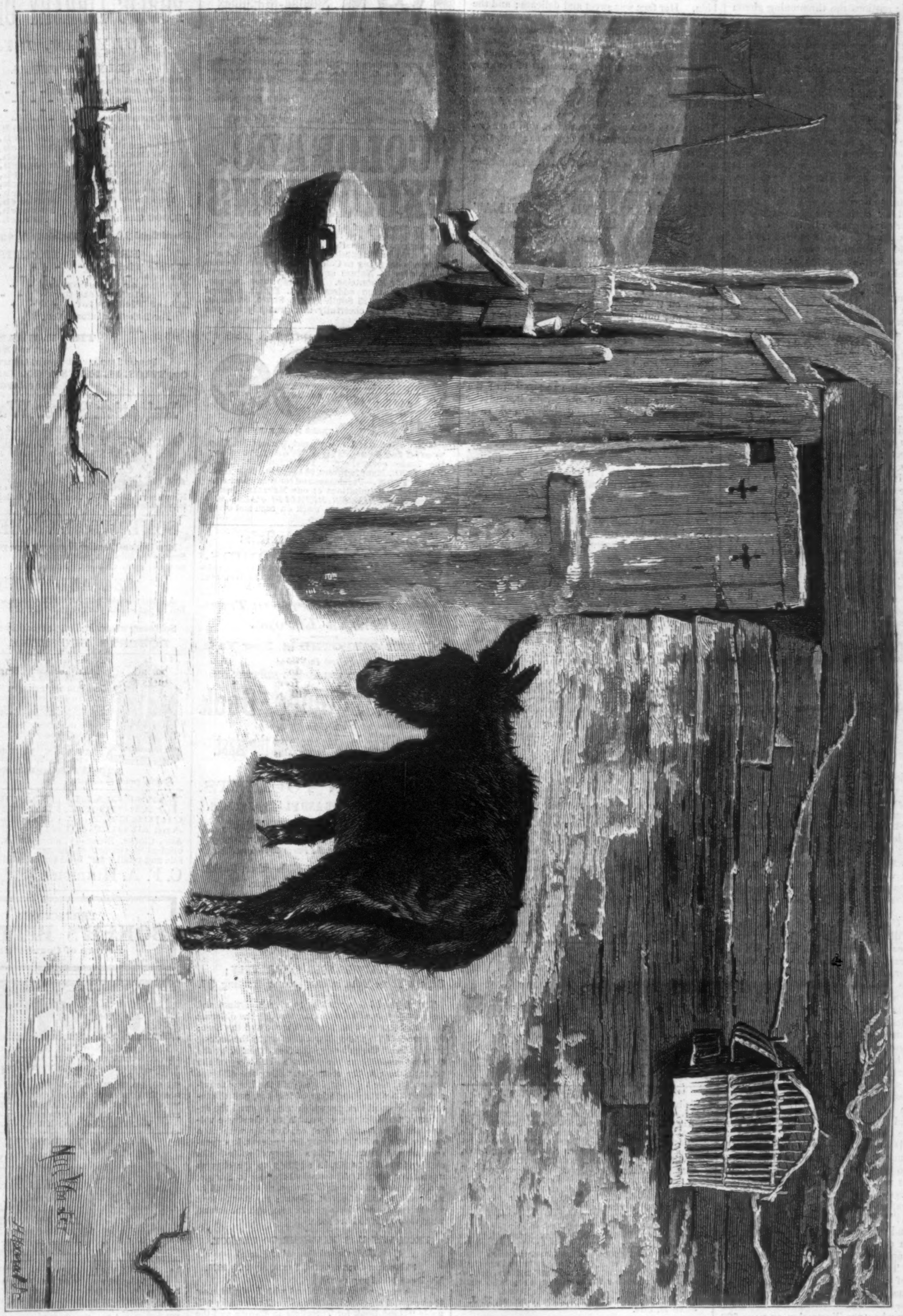
In that very entertaining and valuable book of travel, *The Land of the White Elephant*, recently published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Mr. Vincent gives an interesting account of the elephants employed in the immense timber-yards at Maulmain. The power, sagacity, and docility displayed by these trained animals are wonderful. They are chiefly employed in drawing, stacking, and shifting the huge teak logs, some of them weighing as much as two tons, which are cut in the forests upon the banks of the Salween, and floated down the river to timber-yards. A log that forty coolies can scarcely move, the elephant will quietly lift upon his tusks, and holding it there with his proboscis, will carry it to whatever part of the yard he may be directed by his driver. He will also, using trunk, feet, and tusks, pile the huge timbers with the utmost precision. It is surprising to see the sagacious animal select and pick out particular timbers from the centre of a large heap at the driver's command. The elephants are directed by spoken orders, pressure of the driver's feet, and the goad. It usually requires a year and a half to train an elephant thoroughly for the lumber business. Sometimes an animal will break his tusks from being forced by an ignorant or brutal driver to carry an excessive load, but generally he knows his own strength, and refuses to lift more than his tusks will bear. Should these break off close to the head, the elephant would die; if only cracked, they are bound with iron, and rendered as serviceable as before.



BURMESE ELEPHANTS LIFTING TIMBER.

OPPOSITION TO PROGRESS.

Tradition says that John Faust, one of the three inventors of printing, was charged with multiplying books by the aid of the devil, and was prosecuted both by the priests and the people. The strongest opposition to the press has, however, been presented in Turkey. The art of printing had existed three hundred years before a printing-press was established in Constantinople. From 1726 to 1740 that press issued only twenty-three volumes. It was then stopped, and did not resume its issues until after an interval of more than forty years. About 1780 a press was established at Scutari, and between 1780 and 1807 issued forty volumes. Again its operations were suspended, and were not resumed until 1820, since which time it has worked more industriously than before, although fettered with the paternal oversight of the Turkish government. The ribbon loom is an invention of the sixteenth century, and on the plea that it deprived many workmen of bread, was prohibited in Holland, in Germany, in the dominions of the Church, and in other countries of Europe. At Hamburg the council ordered a loom to be publicly burned. The stocking loom shared the fate of the ribbon loom. In England the patronage of Queen Elizabeth was requested for the invention, and it is said that the inventor was impeded rather than assisted in his undertaking. In France opposition to the stocking loom was of the most base and cruel kind. A Frenchman who had adopted the invention manufactured by the loom a pair of silk stockings for Louis XIV. The parties, however, who supplied hosiery to the court caused several of the loops of the stockings to be cut, and thus brought the stocking loom into disrepute at head-quarters. Table forks appear so necessary a part of the furniture of the dinner-table that one can scarcely believe that the tables of the sixteenth century were destitute of them. They were not, however, introduced until the commencement of the seventeenth century, and then were ridiculed as superfluous and effeminate, while the person who introduced them to England was called Furcifer. They were invented in Italy, and brought thence to England, napkins being used in that country by the polite, and fingers by the multitude. The saw-mill was carried into England from Holland in 1663, but its introduction so displeased the English that the enterprise was abandoned. A second attempt was then made at Limehouse, and the mill was erected; but soon after its erection it was pulled down by a mob. Pottery is glazed by throwing common salt into the oven at a certain stage of the baking. This mode of baking was introduced into England in 1690 by two brothers from Nuremberg. Their success and secrecy so enraged their neighbors that persecution arose against them, and became so strong that they were compelled to give up their works. The pendulum was invented by Galileo, but so late as the end of the seventeenth century, when Hooke brought it forward as a standard of measure, it was ridiculed, and passed by the nickname of "Swing-Swang."



"OUT IN THE COLD."—[From the Painting by MacWhirter, exhibited in the Royal Academy, London.]

THE MORGUE.

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death."

At the commencement of the Second Empire there stood facing the Hôtel Dieu a gloomy building known as the most melancholy monument in Paris. The form of this edifice united in sombre Doric outlines the threatening gloom of a malefactor's cell with the profound sadness of a tomb. Its double aspect of incarceration suggested for it a name once used technically to describe "the entrance of a prison." But in its new association the term "La Morgue" acquired an emphasis of tragedy.

If the exterior of this building was sad, its interior was appalling. A chamber inclosed in glass contained tables of black marble, upon whose inclined planes were stretched before the public gaze the ghastly forms of suicides or of unfortunates found drowned in the Seine. The institution was begun in 1804, and had as its design the exposure of all victims of violence, accident, or suicide whose corpses should be found in the streets or waters of Paris. There they were held for a time for the purpose of identification or of recognition by friends.

Appalling as the place was, a morbid fascination made it the central attraction of its neighborhood: it was actually courted as a place of rendezvous, and a noted end of the promenade. People rushed there daily, as to a morning gazette or exciting bulletin, and the scenes of its real grief were mocked by brutal curiosity, and sometimes by revolting levity.

There came a day at last when the most hardened habitués of the Morgue could no longer look upon it without a shudder.

To obliterate all traces of that bloody time, Napoleon III. transferred the site of this melancholy institution, and changed the character of its architecture to a plan more in accord with his smiling renovations. Built upon the little arm of the Seine that separates the isle of St. Louis from the city, the new Morgue occupies a miniature desert, and conceals in decent isolation the details of its work. Staircases of stone descend from it on every side, and serve to facilitate the reception of the drowned, who, excepting in the heat of revolution, when cannon sweep the streets, constitute in major part the patronage of this funereal hostelry.

The Morgue is composed of two chambers or saloons, the largest of which, divided in two spaces by a partition of glass, is represented in our illustration. It is not always this larger saloon that bears testimony of the most terrible tragedies. There is a secret hall, a "*salle privée*," devoted to the dead who have been withdrawn from the public gaze, or those already recognized, who await their enshrouding. Here the processes of autopsy take place, and confrontations are made of accused murderers with their victims.

It was in this lesser chamber that the murderer Traupmann recognized with horror the Kaupt family, who had been miraculously recovered from a ditch in which he had buried them. The popular excitement was at that time so furious that La Morgue had to be closed and guarded by soldiers to prevent the abhorred wretch from falling into the hands of an avenging mob.

The revolution of September made few contributions to the new Morgue, nor was it crowded during the siege, for they who fell as heroes were registered among the battalions; but in the time of the bombardment there were mangled bodies brought there hourly, chiefly of *gamins* who had been collecting shells to sell as curiosities, or of old people overtaken by unforeseen explosions—parents killed with children whom their arms vainly sought to protect—a young mother pierced through the breast, where her babe's lips were still pressed.

During the Commune it became impossible to centralize the disposition of the killed, and temporary morgues were established in the chapels of the cemeteries. As there were no conveniences there for suspending the clothing to view, the dead were left in the habiliments in which they fell, and whatever objects had been found in their pockets were laid upon their breasts to assist identification. When the insurrection reached its climax even these provisions ceased: the bodies were placed in the trenches where they were to be buried, and the trenches were left for a short time open to allow the inspection of those who sought their missing friends. When the Versaillais took possession of Paris the dead were stretched at the foot of the wall where they had fallen, and the pavements of the streets became the Morgue.

The Seine is always the principal resource of those unfortunates of Paris who would escape from life. So common is this mode of self-destruction that when there is brought into the Morgue a corpse taken from the river, the spectators exclaim, without interest, "Ah, it is only one drowned!" Unless the victim happens to be a young and pretty woman, not yet disfigured by death, the connoisseurs scarcely look at the pitiful form, upon whose head a slender jet of water falls. The objects that draw crowds are the victims of assassinations, or of suicide that haunts the imagination by some harrowing association.

On the day when our illustration on page 600 was drawn the Morgue had been the scene of unusual excitement. At that moment there had been brought in the not unfamiliar horror of the crushed remains of a man who had thrown himself from the Column of July.

When the curtain which at every new arrival is drawn across the glass was again withdrawn to disclose the tables to the public, there were seen stretched side by side a young man and woman who had been found dead in a bed-chamber of one of the principal hotels of Paris. They were English lovers, who had crossed the Channel to drink together a glass of prussic acid in that hospitable city whose laws issue no process against suicide.

No trace of their history had been discovered. It was known only that the woman was *enceinte*—that she was young and very beautiful. As she lay in death, her long fine hair shone with that golden lustre which crowns the daughters of Albion. Her face was sweet and delicate; and the color still lingered upon her cheeks, as if with the blush of womanly shame. The features of the man were fine and energetic, and his soul had not quitted the earth so rapidly but that it had left upon them the impressions of remorse and of despair.

In order not to increase the public excitement, which was already intense, the garments of these unfortunates were not exposed in the Morgue. They were of the richest materials, and bore testimony to refinement and opulence; but they had not yet been disturbed from the position in which they had been placed that last night beside the fatal bed.

GERMINATION AND GROWTH AT LOW TEMPERATURES.

The interesting observation of Uloth that grains of wheat accidentally inclosed in ice will germinate, and send their rootlets into it, has been found corroborated on a large scale in the Alps by Kerner. His investigations of the vegetation on the margins of the snow fields clearly prove not only that germination can take place at 32°, but that stalks and flowers may also be developed at that temperature. Water formed by the melting of the snow, sinking into the earth, serves to excite organic changes in small plants buried beneath the snow and ice, and the heat liberated by the respiration of the plant melts the ice in contact with it, and the growing portions force themselves into the cavities thus formed. The small stems thus frequently force their way up through one or two inches of ice, and finally perforate it, and appear, with their blossoms, above it. Alpine flowers were even found in full bloom incased in ice, just as insects are in amber, although, as a rule, the complete development of the flower only takes places above the ice. Not unfrequently the margins of the snow fields, converted into ice and granular snow, are diversified by hundreds of Alpine flowers, among them, at times, the soldanella.

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(Late U. S. Consul General at Paris.)
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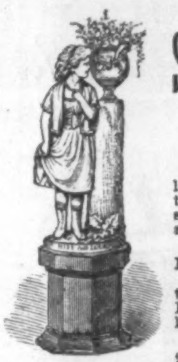

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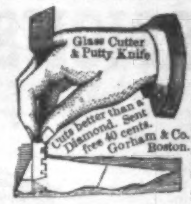

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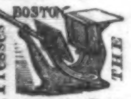

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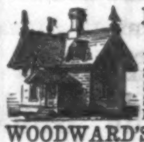

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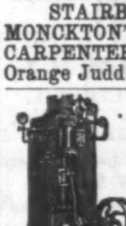

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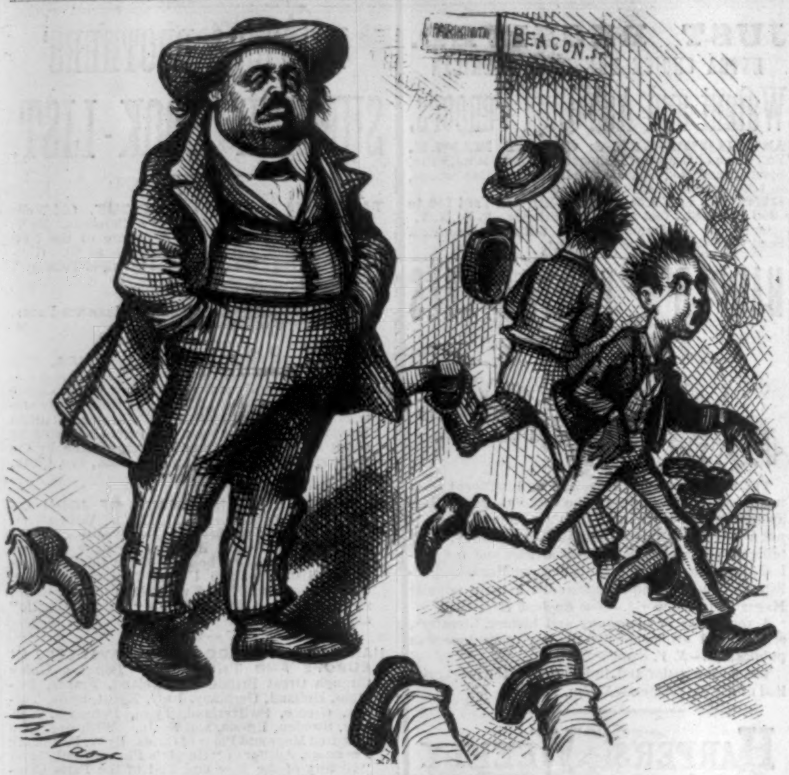

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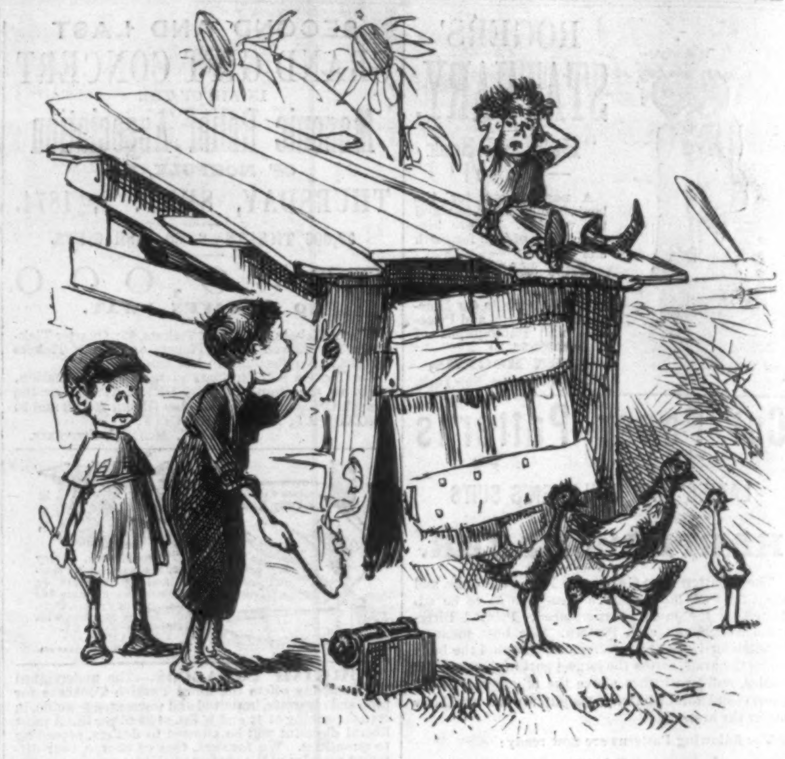

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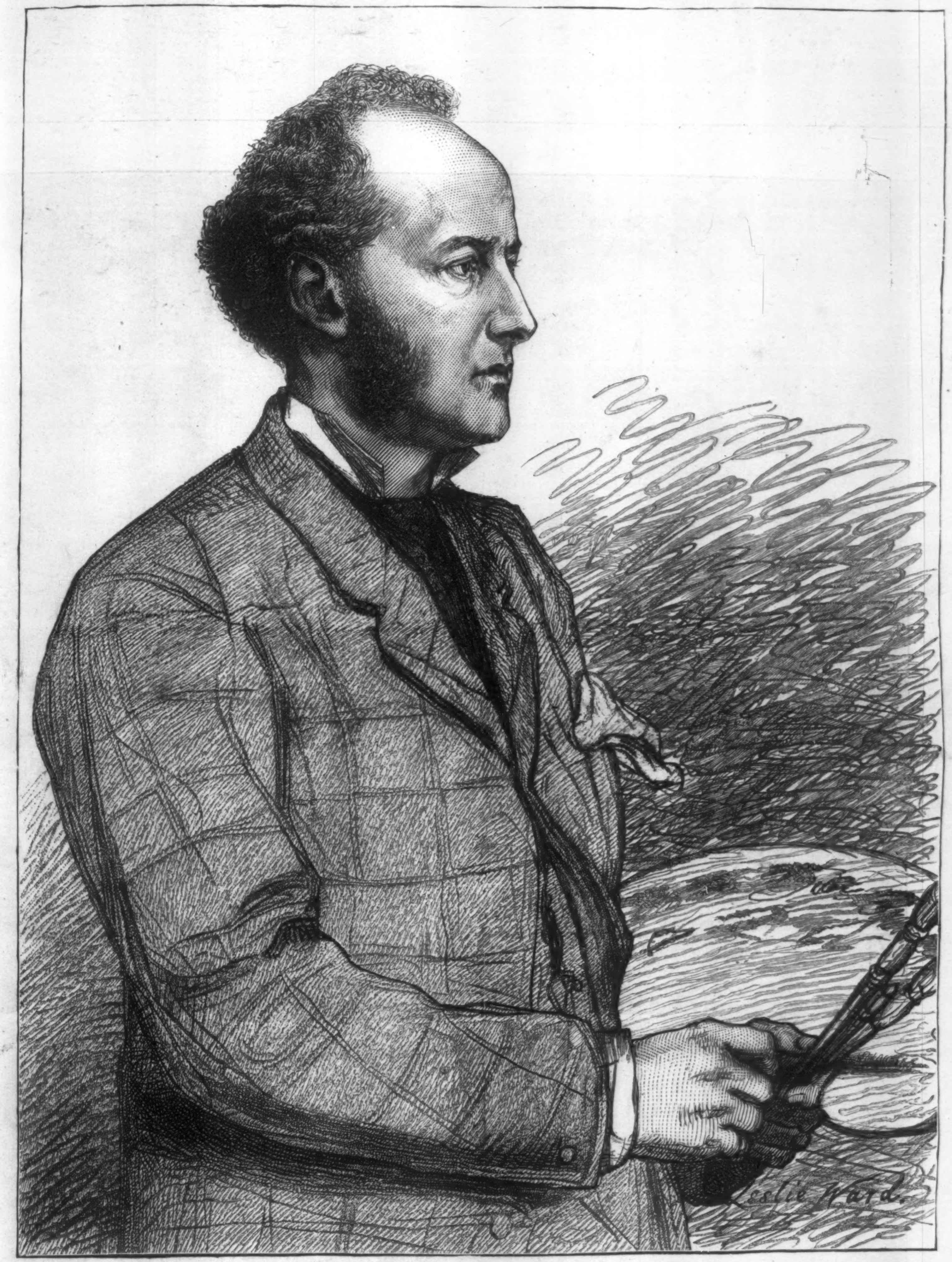

Leslie Ward.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R. A.

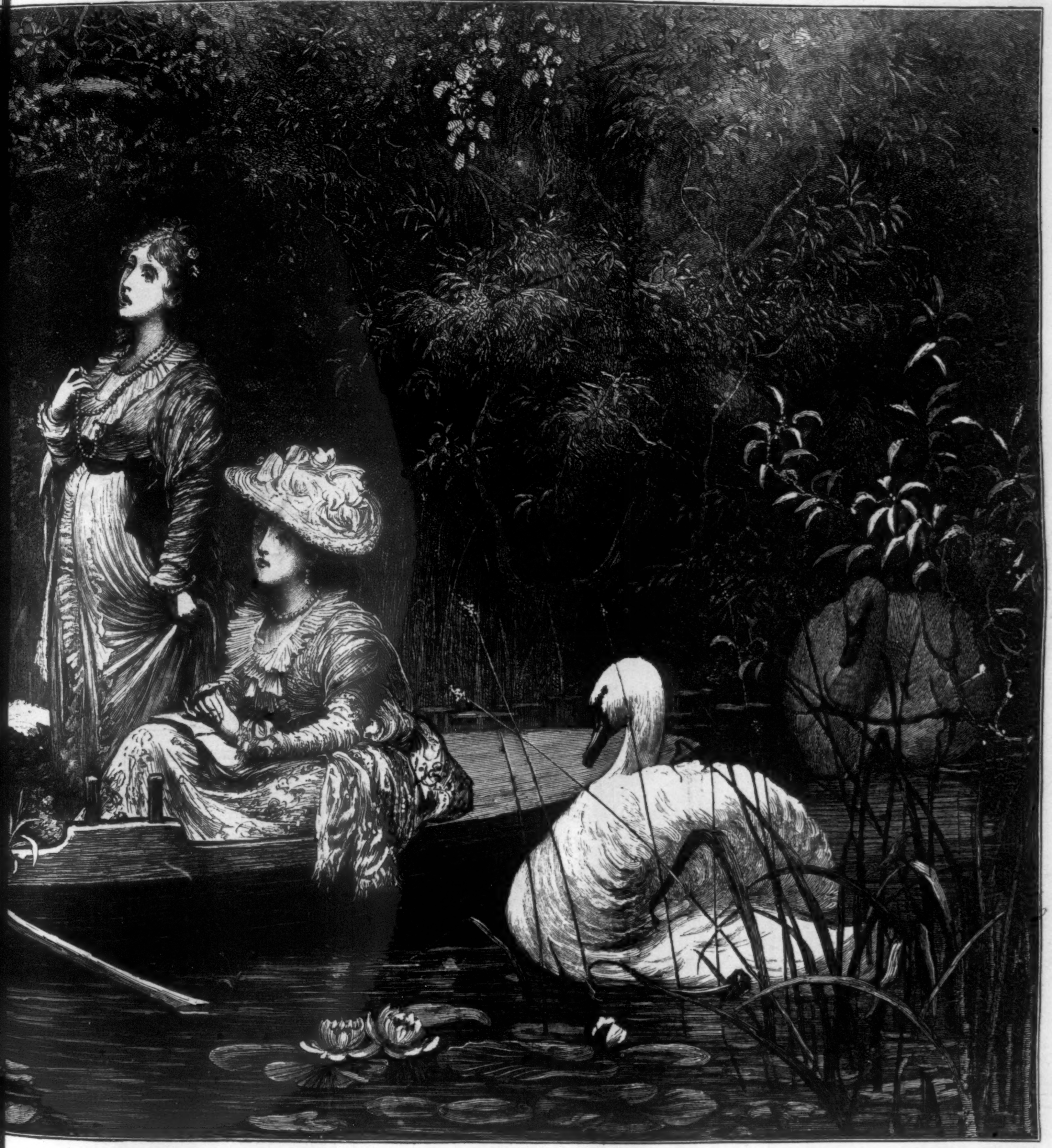
JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R. A.

This well-known English artist was born at Southampton in 1829. At an early age he developed a strong inclination to study art, and when only nine years old entered a school where his tastes could be gratified, and the same year gained a medal at the Society of Arts. At the age of eleven he was sent to study at the Royal Academy, where he carried off the principal prizes for drawing. In 1846 he exhibited his first Academy picture, "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru." This was followed, in 1847, by "Dunstan's Emissaries seizing Queen Elgiva," and a colossal cartoon, "The Widow's Mite." Other paintings of high merit followed rapidly.

While a student at the Academy Millais had evinced great dissatisfaction with the routine conventionality of Academic training, and this feeling was strengthened by specimens of early Italian art that fell in his way. In company with Holman Hunt and D. G. Rossetti, who shared his opinions, he resolved to break loose from conventional rule, and study nature as it appeared to him, and not as it is represented by the various schools regarded by the Academy as the highest authority in art. These views were subsequently adopted by other artists, and a school was formed which, half in jest and half in earnest, was called "Pre-Raphaelite." For a short time the members of this school tried to enforce their views with the pen as well as with the pencil, in a periodical called "*The Germ; or, Art and Poetry*," which appeared in 1850, and had a very brief existence. The principal works executed by Millais under the influence of the pre-Raphaelite school are a mystical picture of "Our Saviour," "Ferdinand lured by Ariel," "Mariana in the Moated Grange," "The Woodman's Daughter," "The Huguenot," and "Ophelia." In 1851 Mr. Ruskin went to the support of the new school, with enthusiastic approval, in letters to the London *Times*, as well as in a pamphlet on pre-Raphaelitism, and in his *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*.

In 1853 Millais was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and ten years later an Academician. Among his later pictures are "The Heretic," in 1858; "Vale of Rest" and "Spring Flowers," in 1860; "The Black Brunswicker," in 1861; "My First Sermon," in 1863, followed in 1864 by "My Second Sermon;" and "Sleeping," "Waking," and "Jephthah," in 1867. Of late years Millais has done but little. Among the noticeable contributions to the last exhibition of the Royal Academy in London were two landscape studies from his hand, which were remarkable for their close fidelity to nature combined with exquisite artistic treatment. Millais is a magnificent colorist, and as a draughtsman he has no superior among English artists. This is due no doubt to his severe training in the pre-Raphaelite school. He early departed from its traditions, and was severely criticised by Ruskin for his apostasy. Many of his works are well known in this country through engravings. Among the most popular are "The Order of Release" and "The Huguenot."

“FAIR QUIET AND SWEET REST.”—[From a Painting by L. F



L. Fildes, exhibited in Last Year's Royal Academy, London.]